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PRICE TWO RUPEES.

SAUNDERS'
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No. VI.] APRIL, 1852. [Vol. I.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The lines on "Evening," declined with thanks.

The "Reflections on the present state of Europe," are unsuited to our columns.

"Martin Shuttlecock" shall appear in an early number.

A. B. will oblige us by sending the remainder of his "Notes of a Trip to Cashmere" as early as possible.

Bursch. We fear the novel is too long for our Magazine.

W. E. G. A translation of "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière" has already been published in India.

We have to ask the indulgence of several contributors, whose papers have been postponed.



SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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A CHAT ABOUT THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.—NO. IV.

"Such was old Chaucer: such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life. Through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying, who in times,
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land."

Lines for a Statue of Chaucer at Woodstock.
Akenside.

From Peter Ovidius Naso Jones, Esquire, India, to the Lady Jemima Jingle, Belgravia, London.

"Readable nonsense," you remark most correctly, my dear Coz, may contain a great many scraps of very agreeable sense, pleasantly inculcated; just as "soft nothings" opportunely murmured conjure up visionary vistas full of coming realities, such as parish Churches, joyous bell-ringers, chariots and four, white-satin favours, smiling faces, venerable white-robed Bishops, plain gold rings and cozy fire-sides, &c.; and you charge me on no account to alter my style, for the purpose of propitiating the award of "gods, men, or columns." The only *gods* who will cudgel their brains, and vex their souls upon the subject, are most probably, the "dii minorum gentium," the exiguous demi-gods of small suburbs; the *men*, a few merely morose mal-contents, who smile seldom and sneer unceasingly; the *columns*, hebdomadal, bi-weekly or diurnal—but *no*—the less we say about them, the better!

You want another portrait—you have had an Ecclesiastical Lady—and one from the realms of Faere-dom, a merry matron from the ancient Saxon *Ackmanchester* or "the

city of valetudinarians," to wit, Bath, as the old chorus goes:—

> "Wise Bladud founded hath,
> Both soul and body's Bath;"

a Trojan heroine, and another from Lombardy, and the *Sortes Chauceriance* having opened the volume at "*The Doctoure's Tale*," point out the Roman Virgin "Virginia" for my next adventure.

But now,—for Chaucer's Tale reads like a ballad,—stares me in the face that beautiful lay of Macaulay's,—but then again, it is so unlike, so differently treated, that not even an Edinburgh Reviewer "shall hold me back" when your smiles "beck me to come on." I might indeed seize the opportunity, and indulge the critics with a memoir of the life and times of Appius Claudius; I might dilate upon the trial and failure of Decemvir Governments, point out how that, in the three hundred and first year from the building of Rome, B. C. 450, the form of Government underwent a second change; that the supreme authority was taken from the Consuls, and entrusted to Decemvirs, just as formerly, it had been transferred from Kings to Consuls; that the Decemvirs broke down and failed from their own lamentable licentiousness; that Appius Claudius was one of the first of the Decemvirs, and that he and his colleagues promulgated the celebrated "Ten tables," which among other matters declared that the "rights of all had been placed *on an equal footing!*" How that, Appius Claudius having been first *created* to his office, managed by popularity-hunting, and bribery, and corruption, and dishonest insincere promises, to get himself *elected* also; and that having gained his end, not twelve, (as had been agreed), but twelve times ten fasces, the emblems of sovereign power, appeared every day at the Forum, one hundred and twenty Lictors carrying axes bound up with those ensigns, figuring forth *ten* kings, spreading terror among all classes, patrician and plebeian alike, the power of the people and the sovereignty of Kings being thus blent into a hideous hybrid autocrasy! No wonder that the Decemvirs were overthrown as the Kings had been; no wonder that a tragedy of Virginia should follow a tragedy of Lucretia; that injustice should beget revolt, and revolt should smite down tyranny! All this I might relate, and the critics would probably entertain a strong suspicion that I had been lately perusing the works of a distinguished gentleman who was born at Padua fifty-eight years before the Christian æra, and rejoiced in the name of Titus Livius. Again, who is to hinder me from writing a dissertation upon ballad history, tracing the transition from hymn to historic ditty, through all ages. Commencing as unquestionably song did commence, with the first sunrise in Paradise, for even Free Masonry is fond of affirming, that "ever since symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms, our order has had being;"—or beginning with that earliest music from female lips, which hearing

> "Aside the devil turned
> For envy."

Eve's evening hymn in Eden; Abel's Bucolic to his browsing flock; Nimrod's great Assyrian chorus—

> "Oh! what shall be our sport to day?"

or the Ninevehan version of

> "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
> Proclaim a hunting morning:"

on through the mighty "*Am Rheyn*" of the Israelitish host, as their eyes fell on the waters of the Erythrean* sea, which was to run *red* with the blood of their pursuers; *on* to the lay of the "Golden Fleece" and the Argonautic warriors; the hymns of Homer sung to such instruments as are thus described in the hymn to Mercury:—

"And through the stone-shelled tortoise's strong skin,
At proper distances small holes he made,
And fastened the cut-stems of reeds within,
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space, and fixed the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretched o'er all
Symphonious chords of sheep-gut rhythmical."—H. N. Coleridge.

There! who shall wonder that immediately

"There went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit,
Joyous, and wild, and wanton—such you may
Hear among revellers on a holyday."—H. N. Coleridge.

(We have omitted reverently all mention of David or of Solomon, or of Scriptural songs,) *on* goes the strain through Hesiod the shepherd on the Heliconian hill—

"Whose breast with love of charming song was fired,"

and who, as Ovid tells us, danced and sang with Clio and her sisters on the Ascrœan Green. He, Ovid, says regretfully—

"Nec mihi sunt visæ Clio, Cliusque sorores,
Servanti pecudes vallibus Ascra tuis;"

on to the ringing roundelays of the Olympian games which Scaliger and Eusebius chronicle;—*on*, *on*, to the ancient (more ancient far than Macaulay's) lay of primal Rome, and the bloody King, and the lying Priest, and the helpless twins floating down the sagacious Tiber.

"The troubled river knew them,
And smoothed his yellow foam,
And gently rocked the cradle,
That bore the fate of Rome;"

on, to old Archilochus, who must be mentioned again, for was he not the man who delighted in iambics, and hanged himself with a guitar string for love, (or made the lady's father hang himself, which is the same thing,) all because of one of his own stinging ballads? And Tyrtœus with his martial airs who first sang "the Grecian Grenadiers;" and Anacreon,

"Who did in social knot combine,
The muse, good humour, love and wine,"

and who spent his life in shouting to his contemporaries to fill up bowls with rosy wine, and insisting upon having wreaths of roses twined round his temples. *Again*, the strains which still live of old Simonides, "the wise and divine," as Plato styled him, who wrote a great poem in two lines—

Ωξειν αγγελειν τοις Λακεδαιμονιοις οτι τηδε
Κειμεθα, τοις κείνων ρημασι πειθομεναι.

* Perhaps the critics would prefer to call it Idumæan.

upon the brave who fell at Thermopylæ; of which poem there are twenty-six translations in one number of *Blackwood*, but none of them better either for sober seriousness or playful humour, than these now offered—

Report to Sparta thou who passest by,
How in their country's cause the brave can die:

or irreverently—

Stranger! inform our countrymen in Sparta,
We did our duty, and we got no quarter.

But the subject is too noble to be treated lightly. As Christopher North says—"It is the oldest and best inscription in the whole Greek anthology; do you remember it? Here it is—start not! it is but two lines! and all Greece for centuries had them by heart—*She forgot them, and 'Greece was living Greece no more!'*"

But I must pass rapidly over all the succeeding old authors who wrote or helped on the cause of ballad history, and can hardly afford to mention even those musical ladies, the *Sybyls*, who composed all manner of quaint melancholy old ditties, and sang them to Æolian harps, of which they were the first contrivers. Not a word about Æschylus, or Pindar, (not Peter,) or Sophocles, or Euripides, or Plato, *the philosopher*, who was always fond of a good song nevertheless; or Aristophanes who chaunted so famously about sausages and birds, and fogs and frogs, and things of that kind; or Theocritus, with his pastoral tenderness and delicious Doric dialect; or Catullus, or Horace or Ovid. *On* we rush, and—after this musical scamper, or *rather* chromatic canter from the marginal meadows of the Euphrates to the banks of the Tiber, we pull up short, in the middle of the third century, and plunge headlong into the middle of a volume of Salmatius "Notæ Hist. Aug. Script."—by way of playing at hide-and-seek with the critics, who peradventure have not got a copy of the work! Salmatius fixes the derivation of the word 'ballad' from the word in common use towards the decline of the Roman Empire, and says, "Ballistium igitur est quod vulgo vocamus *Ballet*; nam inde deducta vox nostra," and that in ancient times they were vocal accompaniments to dancing, as an Italian "Ballata" was a "Canzone che si canta Ballando," and he instances from the life of the Emperor Aurelian by Fl. Vopiscus, two of these "*Ballistea*" as sung by boys, skipping and dancing, on account of the great slaughter made by the Emperor with his own hand in the Sarmatic war.

"Mille, Mille, Mille decollavimus,
Unus Homo Mille decollavimus,
Mille vivat qui Mille occidit,
Tantum vini Habet Nemo
Quantum Fudit Sanguinis."

Never was there so blood-thirsty a fellow since the days of Jack the Giant-killer, and the Poles would seem to have been very handsomely *partitioned* many hundreds of years before a Congress at Vienna repeated the operation in 1815, when their wine of life was again drawn, and the mere lees was left their vault to brag on. Dropping Salmatius quietly, and his account of the metre of *Trochaic Tetrametre Catalectics* divided into distichs, which he would fain persuade us was the metre of the hymns in the Church service, to which the monks superadded rhyming terminations, recollecting probably what Demosthenes said, quoting I believe Aristotle—that "versification is to poetry what bloom is to the human countenance," and also being mindful

that to steer verse properly, you must have rhyme—

> "For rhymes the rudders are of verses,
> By which, like ships, they steer their courses."
>
> HUDIBRAS.

Moreover, that as Shakespeare makes our Harry of Monmouth say—"a rhyme is but a ballad," and the monks of old being right jolly fellows were fond of ballads; besides too remembering Horace's maxim

> "Non satis est pulchra esse poemata,
> Dulcia sunto;"

i. e. fine flowery words won't do, they must ring musically—for poetry must be *music*, and music to be felt, must strike a chord in the human heart, so that there shall always be harmony, that is to say, a duet in unison between the performer and the hearer!—This would naturally lead me to treat of all manner of chansons, as Chaucer says in the "Legende of goode Women"

> "Many an hymne for youre holy daies,
> That highten balades, roundels, virelaies,"

of lays, virelays, balades, demichants, chants royal, pastourelles, rondeaux or roundells, bargarettes, or bergarettes, from which the natural and easy transition would be to the singers, as John of Salisbury in his book "De nugis curialium," Lib 1, cap 8, designates them, "mimi, salii, vel saliares, balatrones, œmiliani, gladiatores, palæstritæ, gignadii, prœstigiatores, malefici et tota joculatorum scæna"—for the old fellow had no love for minstrels—and abominated bards and scalds of all sorts—but I will spare you, for at this rate we should never get to Macaulay's ballad, much less to Chaucer's. You can, however, after all this rigmarole, readily account for the value set by all wise men upon ballads, not only for their tendency to embalm historical facts, but for the pleasant poetic tint which they give to the annals of old times; and the chivalrous devotion they display towards Le beau sexe. Macaulay says, that "ballad poetry is a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society at a certain point in the progress towards refinement," and that it is agreeable to general experience, that "at a subsequent stage it should be undervalued and neglected." How many thousands of working men are there at this time in the very heart of England, who know not how to put pen to paper, or eye to book,—who never heard of "Chevy Chase" or "Allen-adale," but who have in their memories songs which have come down from their grandsires, and which are their most valued chronicles! Why at this day the peasant cutting wood in the forest of Hainault, (if there is one left,) would tell you that all the information he possesses regarding John, Duke of Marlborough, is derived from that delightful old ballad *Malbrook*, and you would hardly persuade him that the English hero was not killed as "dead as a herring" at the battle of Malplaquet, as recounted in the ballad. By the bye, do you know anything about that said old ballad, except the air which is of vast antiquity, and which is even now in use in Germany, Abyssinia and Hindostan, as a popular melody? Every body has heard of "Malbrouk sèn va-t-en guerre," but do they do know what happened to him there? There is a short account of this song in the "*Chants et chansons Populaires de la France,*" "*premiere serie,*" published in Paris

some years ago, which says that the *Bibliophile* Jacob says "'some merry ballad singer pronounced it as a funeral oration at the bivouac of Le Quesnoy the night after the battle (of Malplaquet) to console himself for having no shirt to his back, and for having had nothing to eat for three days;" and that, 'it was preserved by tradition in some of the provinces, where it had been carried by the soldiers of Villars and Boufflers. In 1781, however, it suddenly resounded from one end of the kingdom to the other.' A peasant woman, who was a nurse to the Dauphin, son of Marie Antoinette, used to sing this song in the nursery, and 'the royal infant opened his eyes at the great name of Marlborough!'" The name, the naïve words of the song, the oddity of the burden, and the touching simplicity of the air, struck the Queen. "Every body repeated them after her; and the King himself did not disdain to hum in unison," says Longfellow: I can only give you a few of the verses.

"Malbrook the prince of Commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders:
His fame is like Alexander's;
But when will he come home?

"Perhaps at Trinity feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter,
Egad! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come."

The song goes on to describe his disconsolate Duchess sitting on top of a high tower watching for his return; at last, in the distance she espies a little page in deep mourning approaching, with his looks full of woe, and being questioned,

"The news I bring fair ladye,
With sorrowful accent, said he,
Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas! to hear.

"But since to speak I'm hurried,
Added this page, quite flurried,
Malbrouk is dead and buried!
And, here he shed a tear.

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his *berring*,
And four Officers transferring
His corpse away from the field.

"One Officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without labour,
Much envying his next neighbour,
Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet bearer,
That helmet which, on its wearer,
Filled all who saw with terror,
And covered a hero's brains.

"Now having got so far, I
Find that, by the Lord Harry,
The fourth is left nothing to carry,
So there the thing remains."

Now, it is remarkable that though this is "Ballad History," yet it is in the main truthful, and quite as much so probably as those songs which Tacitus and Macaulay tell us, were the only memorials of the past, which the ancient Germans possessed. The ballad-monger does full justice to Marlborough's military abilities. He likens him to Alexander. He says he filled the minds of his enemies with terror, and that he was in possession of "*brains*" not always the case with military heroes; and finally, in point of actual fact, his body never was carried off the field of Malplaquet at all, if the page's account, as is highly probable, be correct!

Having made this sensible observation, will you oblige me by running over the second part of the air, on the treble notes of your Broadwood. You will find that, besides being sung over the camp-fire at the bivouac of Le Quesnoy, you have heard Herr Staudigl at the head of a party of Riflemen in green tunics, broad drab beavers with black plumes, and buff-leather boots, lead off a chorus to precisely the same notes over the apocryphal camp kettles on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre during the performance of Weber's opera of "Der Freychutz," and Carl Maria Von Weber once assured me, upon his honor as a gentleman, that he believed the air to be as old as *Allmann* the Emperor of Germany—called their Hercules—who was a contemporary of Moses and Aaron, and Cecrops, and that it was a chorus of the very old *allomanni*, who were in those ages worshippers of the sun. Apropos of the *Sun*, there is an old ayah-nursery Hindostanee air, which is precisely identical, and the second part of "*Tazeh-ba-Tazeh*" is a repetition of the same notes to which the Hainaulters chaunted the carrying off the sabre and helmet of the Duke of Marlborough, to an accompaniment probably of kettle drums, which would make the derivation perfect, for it is recorded that in the year of the world 2470, the Germans "inventrices sunt bipennii et tympanorum," that is, inventors of battle axes and kettle drums! But you will begin to think with some reason that, like Albumazar,

"I wander 'twixt the poles
And heavenly hinges, 'mongst excentricals,
Centers, concentricks, circles, and epicycles,
To hunt out an aspect fit for your business."

So to pass over all I had intended to say, about other eminent "Metre Ballad-mongers," Ritson, Percy, Scott, Lewis, Southey, Motherwell, Lockhart, &c., one word about Macaulay's Beautiful Lay,—where is there a sweeter picture than this?

"Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky,
Shines out the dewy morning star, a fair young girl came by,
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;

And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow, that had not learned, to blush at gaze of man;
* * * * * *
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the sacred street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet."

There! it was impossible to resist quoting them, and nothing that Chaucer wrote, or I can render from him, will convey any thing like so pretty a picture of happy, innocent, artless, girlish light-heartedness. Macaulay, in the concluding sentences of his preface, says, "It would have been obviously improper to mimic the manner of any age or country. Something has been borrowed however from our own old ballads, and more from Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad poetry; to the Iliad still greater obligations are due, and those obligations have been contracted with the less hesitation, because there is reason to believe that some of the old Latin minstrels really had recourse to that inexhaustible store of poetical images." It is very possible therefore, that Macaulay, who has more important labours on hand than the petty toil of hunting up old plays, may never have met with the "*Tragicall Comedie of Apius and Virginia.*" It is spoken of "as probably our earliest extant dramatic production publicly represented, the plot of which is derived from history." It was first printed in 1575, and acted most likely some ten years before. The author is not certainly known, the initials only being given on the title page R. B., which the Editor says "would apply to more than one writer about that date." The only known copy being in the British Museum, it was a work of great rarity, until re-printed about 25 years ago. There is strong internal evidence that it was publicly represented. Here is the title—"A new Tragicall Comedie of Apius and Virginia, wherein is lively expressed a rare example of the vertue of Chastitie, by Virginia's constancy, in wishing rather to be slain at her owne father's handes than to be deflowred of the wicked Judge Apius, by R. B. imprinted at London by William How, for Richard Jhones, 1575, 4to B. L." It is principally curious as holding a middle station between the old moralities and historical plays. It contains nothing which it were worth Macaulay's while to borrow, but it is a strange coincidence that much of it should be written in the precise metre selected for the lay of Virginia, and here and there, in the expressions of endearment used by the father, and the arguments by which he justifies to himself the act he is about to commit, as "Mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this;" there are certainly strong points of resemblance; so that this may have been one of "our own old ballads," referred to in the preface to the "the Lays of Ancient Rome." Here are a few passages. Virginius in the first place is heard thanking the gods for his domestic happiness.

"Therefore I thank the gods above, that yeeld to mee such fate,
To linke me with so just a spouse, and eke so loving mate;
By her I have a Virgin pure, an ympe of heauvenly race,
Both sober, meeke, and modest too, and virtuous in lyke case;
To Temple will I wend therefore, to yeeld the gods their praise,
For that they have thus luckely, anexed to my daies."—&c. &c. &c.

Then follows a scene between the father, mother, and daughter, expressive of their mutual contentment,—and enter Judge Appius—whose soliloquy at least proves this much, that R. B., whoever he was, has stolen many of his ideas from Chaucer. Appius describes himself to be desperately smitten with Virginia.

"The furrowed face of fortune's force my pinching paine doth move,
I settled ruler of my realme, inforced am to love;
Judge Appius I, the princelest judge, that raigneth under sonne,
And have bene so esteemed long, but now my force is done;
I rule no more, but ruled am; I do not judge, but am judged,
By beauty of Virginia, my wisdom all is trudged;
Oh! Peerelesse dame, oh passing peece, oh face of such a fature,
That never erst with beauty, such matched was by nature;
Oh fond Apelles, prattling foole, why boastest thou so much,
The famost peece thou madst in Greece, whose liniments were such,
With raging fits thou foole run mad, oh fond Pigmalion!
Yet sure if that thou saw'st my deare, the like thou could'st make none."

And such like fustian, used as clothing for Chaucer's mental progeny. The story goes on, and Appius announces his villainous purpose—

"Well now I range at large my will for to expresse;
For looke how Tarquin Lucrese faire by force did once oppress,
Even so will I Virginia use."

Then the decision,—upon which Virginius breaks out—

"O man, O mould, O mucke, O clay, O hell, O hellish hounde,
O fause Judge Appius, wrablinge wretch, is thus thy reason founde,
Woe worth the man from whom you came, whereby ye first did spring,
Woe worth the wombe that beare the babe, could do this bluddy thing,
Woe worth the paps that gave ye sucke, woe worth the foster's eke;
Woe worth all such as ever did thy health or liking seeke,
Oh! that these graved years of mine were covered in the clay."

* * * * * * * * *

Then he resolves almost in Macaulay's words, to immolate his daughter—

"Oh! daughter, oh deare, oh darling, oh dame,
Dispatch me, I pray thee, regarde not my name,
But yet as thou saiest, sith remedy none,
But Lemmon thou must be if I were gone,
And better it is to dye with good fame,
Than longer to live to reape us but shame,

"Then tender arms complect the neck, do dry thy father's teares,
You nimble hands for wo whereof my loving heart it weares,
From giltless death my shame to ende and body deade to make
No more delaies—*Lo, kisse me first*, then stretch your strongest arme,
To rid my woe, increase my joy, to ridde my child from harme.
Oh weary wittes of wo or wealth, oh feble aged man,
How can thy arme give such a blow? thy death I wish thee than!
But sith that shame with sadless trompe will sound if ease thou joy,
My meanes of false Juge Appius he, myself will thee destroy.
Forgive me, babe, the bloudy deede, and meekely take thy ende."

If Macaulay ever saw this play, every reader will thank him heartily for the graceful use he has made of it, in such lines as these—

"And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse changed voice he spake, farewell, sweet child! farewell.
* * * * * * * *
With all his wit he little deems that spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father has in his despair one fearful refuge left;
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou know'st not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this.
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died."

"Well! but what, in the name of goodness! has all this got to do with Chaucer?"—you very naturally remark — to which I reply — why simply this, that being puzzled how to dish up a readable rechauffée of Chaucer after Titus Livy, and the old play, and Macaulay's version, I have come to reflect that something new must be devised, for a thrice-told tale is proverbially wearisome. So as Macaulay has a long note upon the subject of what he calls the "Old National verse of Italy," that Saturnian measure in which Nœvius celebrated the first Punic war, I find it in my mind to try my hand at Saturnian metre; for *old* though it were in the days of Nœvius, it will be quite a novelty now. The note says, that the poem of the "Cid" in Spanish, and the poem of the "Nibelungs" in German, contain many Saturnian verses, but for an English Saturnian line, Macaulay is obliged to retire to the nursery, and cite as a most perfect specimen—

"The Queen was in her parlour, eating bread and honey;"

written, it is opined, by an author who had never heard either of Nœvius or Archilochus. Being however a metre in much favour among both Greeks and Romans, and perhaps Fauns and Hamadryads also, how is it that so little use has been made of it in English? "where has it fled to?" as Cicero mournfully asks—"where are those old verses now?"

"Quid? Nostri veteres versus ubi sunt, ... quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant."

Anglice.

Where have those fine old ballad staves levanted,
Which Fauns of old, and Bards prophetic chaunted?

I have not leisure to make any very extensive search, but I strongly believe that, in the whole range of English poetry, it would be impossible to discover two dozen pure Saturnian lines, and yet the old nursery rhyme rings on the ear like an accustomed tune. It seems almost strange that Macaulay should not have selected this as a fitting metre for at least one of his lays of old Rome. What more suitable or appropriate than the "Old National verse of Italy?" Nevertheless, there are but two lines in the whole lay of Virginia, and even they require some slight alteration, which at all resemble Saturnian lines—

'And blithe on brass and timber,—craftsman's stroke is ringing,
And blithely o'er their panniers—market girls are singing."

In the lay of "Horatius," there is the perfect first half of the line—the "Catalectic dimetre iambic," but the "three trochees" which should follow, are wanting, *i. e.* the number of feet or syllables (thirteen) are *there*, but they will not scan with those of Nœvius or Archilochus, and the same may be said of the lays of the "Battle of Lake Regillus" and "The Prophecy of Capys." The most perfect Saturnian line which has come down to us is pronounced to be "not the work of a professional artist, but of an amateur." Here it is:—

"Dăbūnt Mălūm Mĕtēllī Nævĭō Pŏētæ,"

the final dipthong reading *short*, though perhaps in strictness of prosody scanning long. However there has occurred to my mind no sufficiently convincing argument which should operate to deter another "amateur" from spreading beneath your feet a few Saturnian couplets, requesting you to tread the measure with him—being of opinion with the fantastical Spaniard Don Adriano De Armado, in "Love's Labour Lost," that we must not lose sight of these matters.

Moth. (says)—"The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune."

Armado (replies)—"I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty 'precedent!'"

In which view of the subject, here goes:—

THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.

No. VI.—Virginia.

Of Rome's Decemvir vices, rousing hate and slaughter:
Virginius the tribune, and his lovely daughter,
How like a beaming starlight, in his home she dwelleth;
We all have heard the story, Titus Livy telleth.

An only, only daughter, excellent in beauty,
As perfect in each feature, as in filial duty.
It seemeth to beholders, as if genial nature,
Had framed as a model, this so peerless creature.
To prove her wondrous powers, human skill exposing,
Pygmalions impostures, Zeuxis' feeble glosing;
Apelles' faint endeavours, vainly counterfeiting,
The skin beneath whose surface, pulses rich are beating.
All the pow'r of painting, futile and uneven,
To match this fair creation, flush'd with light from Heaven.
Some dozen springs and summers, not a sign of winter
Had hover'd o'er the maiden, every hue and tint her
Enraptured spirit smiling, modestly discloses,—
Was lit with light of lily, blushed with bloom of roses.
The day God dipt her tresses, in his beams of brightness,
His rays of splendour blending, blackness into whiteness;
So radiant in beauty, soul the temple warming,
As angels' holy nature, her's was pure and charming;
As chaste in every feeling, spotless as her vesture,
Humility and kindness, speaking in each gesture.
Tho' wise she was as Pallas, gifted as the Muses,
No lofty sounding phrases, for her speech she chooses.
But converse sweet and simple, wit and music blending,
Unstudied, unaffected, modest, unpretending.
The busiest of housewives, she of maids the meekest,
Was strong in resolution, seeming still the weakest,
No relish for the revels, idle folly loveth,
Her merry voice rings blithely, wheresoe'er she moveth.
Inane and empty feastings, chime not with her pleasure,
Where Bacchus rules triumphant, while in Mœnad measure—
With loud and boist'rous laughter, maids with locks unbraided,
Abandon girlhood's graces, sink in joys degraded.
Innately pure and happy, she on self relying,
Delighted in all goodness, sinful thoughts defying.
Presenting such a picture, free from this world's leaven,
Example meet it seem'd, to point the path to Heaven!

* * * * * *

Alas! the woful story! wo! for such a being!
So innocent, unsullied, tyrant fury fleeing,
A father's fond embraces, impotent to save her
From foul and fiendish clutches, of a vile enslaver;
A father's arm in mercy, strength from love shall borrow,
To speed his child to Heaven, shield from endless sorrow.
No way, no help, no succour, save this bitter parting,
The firmness of a Roman, checks the tear-drop's starting
A thousand cherish'd mem'ries, o'er his mind there hover,
Some hurried brief caresses, listen!—— *all is over!*

* * * * *

A hum of human voices, surging into madness!
A wail of women's weeping, soughing into sadness!
The architrave of Heaven, with the tumult ringing,
A dreadful diapason, tyrant downfall singing.
Decemvirs, ye are fallen, despite guards and lictors,
The brave high-hearted Roman people are your victors,
Unrighteous in your judgments, life and pow'r they sever,
Virginia's sad story, dooms you, *aye and ever.*

There! Madamigella! I have kept as near to old Geoffry Chaucer as possible. I have avoided Macaulay and Titus Livius, and the old play, as far as it was practicable, and I now desire to record a most stupendous vow, to register a most enormous oath, before high —— but no, if ever you catch me dealing with Saturnian lines again, you may write and tell me of it—" and when I break that oath, let me turn monster," as Celia says in "As You Like It." The *terror* caused by truculent trochees and *alarm* occasioned by insolent iambics has fairly bewildered my brains, and I have lost all regard for Saturn—though "he and Venus be this year in conjunction,"—and for Saturnian metre, and Saturnalia—— Stay! that last word affords a clue to the whole mystery. Lucan says during the whole week of the Saturnalian revels in Rome, " there was nothing but drinking and singing, &c." Of course there was; and what on earth should they sing more fitly than Saturnian songs, in Saturnian metre? And does not the same custom prevail in these our days, and have we not Saturnalia? Of course, we have, they have never been discontinued since the days when Saturn gave lectures on " Improvements in Agriculture" to the Latins in the time of King Janus " the double-faced," in the year of the world 2620. Many a well disposed gentleman, who has been employing his evening in the investigation of the causes which affect the prosperity of the British Drama, finds himself, a little before " the chimes at midnight" are heard, seated in a long room in the " 'evanly" latitude of Covent Garden Market; after a while, through a mist and vapour somewhat *fuliginous*, and nicotian, and an atmosphere highly impregnated with farinacious, piperian, meleagrisian, and other gases, (don't be alarmed, I refer to porter and grilled turkeys merely), a chorus of dissipated voices comes wailing down through the heavy air in this wise—

Rĭ tōll dĕ Rōll dĕ Rōll, ōn Tōrăl pōrăl īdō

The inestimable and infallible foot measure—

Dăbūnt Mălūm Mĕtēllī Nœvīō Pŏētæ

flashes on his brain in an instant. He feels that he is assisting in the celebration of Saturnalian revels. Again, the strain—

O! pūll ăwāy, ŏ! pūll nōw, pūll ăwāy my hēartīes,

there cannot be a doubt of it. Here is the very home and birthplace of modern Saturnians, and here is the reason why delicate poets of modern times eschew them. I have no doubt that many eminent and sagacious Archæologists have discovered another reason, also; for as the Saturnian chorus dies away, there follows—as related by Potter and Lucan I believe, — a hammering and thumping of vessels formed of a factitious metal, consisting of certain fixed proportions of tin and *lead*, for " Saturn" being, as

you are doubtless aware, the term in use among chemists for the designation of *lead*, it was amongst the earliest archives of the order ruled that vessels containing an admixture of that metal should be used on such occasions, instead of glasses, which permitted less emphatic plaudits. "The liquor fermented from barley" is as old as Noah's ark—and ages and ages ago, 400 years and more before the days of Janus, as Herodotus in his book Euterpe tells us, *Osiris* was a *Brewer;* and Dion the Academician observes that the Egyptians comforted themselves with a liquor made from barley; "*filled* with which, they were so delighted, that they sung, danced, and leaped about like those intoxicated with wine," which is very intelligible. —— 'Well, I declare, this is the most extraordinary letter I ever read: the man begins with Chaucer, and the River Euphrates, and ends with Herodotus, deviled turkeys and pewter pots? What next, I wonder? Is he mad?' Why this—that I beg to remark with Condell in Marston's Induction to the play of "the Malcontent," 1604. "Madam, this is neither satire nor moral, but the mere passage of a history; yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that bear a stingless envy to great ones; and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base malicious appliment; but should their interpretation come to the test, like your Marmoset, they presently turn their teeth to their tail and eat it."

But it is all one to me, as Horace says—

> "Meâ
> Virtute me involvo, probamque
> Pauperiem sine dote quæro."

That is, I pull my virtuous night cap over my nose, and do not sleep one whit the less soundly, because there happen to be a few honest darns in it—so

> Buona sera
> Frattanto umilmente le bacia le mani.

P. O. N. Jones.

THE ROSICRUCIANS.

Were they all false, those dreams of intercourse
With spiritual creatures? Can it be
That, as the world has grown in vulgar skill
And the cold arts that minister to clay,
It has lost that more spiritual gift
That second vision, high and holy lore
Born in Arabia, nursed in moody Spain,
And made complete in mystic Germany?
Believe it not, let no man dare to think
The human Soul, a little lower than Angels,
Should not have mastery, when purged and pure,
Over the agencies of lesser spirits.

H. G. K.

THE CANTERBURY COLONY—ITS SITE AND PROSPECTS.

WRITERS on pet colonies, like the biographers of friends, give biassed accounts. The first leap over all obstacles of nature, and create a brilliant future for a country covered with trees, and peopled with savages; the others sink all faults, and turn doubtful acts to shining virtues. I do not claim an exemption from prejudice, on the contrary, I freely admit I am biassed in favor of this colony. What I now lay before the readers of *Saunders'*, is my own unsupported opinion, unsupported by statistics of any sort, and without a book that bears on New Zealand, to give a turn to the impressions I have received from a short residence in the county. I give my reasons for my opinions, and would have all who are interested in this subject, judge what they are worth. The class I consider most interested in this colony I divide into three sections. The first includes all married officers with families, who have served in India for a pension, and can now retire on an income of from two to three hundred pounds a year, and have a capital of from one to three thousand. The second consists of officers who find they cannot live in this county, and have nothing to fall back on but the £1,500, or two thousand pounds they might get on resigning their commissions. And, finally, sons of officers serving in India, whose fathers too often find that long and meritorious service is no guarantee for their children being permitted to follow in their footsteps. There are many gentlemen in India similarly circumstanced to those I have enumerated. To all of them this question of emigration is of importance, so great, that I am astonished it has not been earlier seen and acted on. The position of an officer retiring on a Major's pension, to live with his family in England, is *not* so pleasant that he can sneer at the idea of a colony. He arrives in the country he calls home, and finds it a strange land; his friends are dead, dispersed, or receive him coldly. Many changes have taken place, some have climbed up the tree, others have tumbled down. One of the first gives him a cold dinner, and regrets his interest is not sufficient to procure an appointment for his son. One of the others eats his beefsteak, and asks for the loan of five pounds. The feelings of all have been changed by their different pursuits and luck in life. He wonders how he could ever have been the friend of that crafty lawyer, or that poor cranky devil Jones, and mentally exclaims "It would have been different with poor Smith had he lived." He can at once see that all his old friends have changed, but he forgets that a great deal of what he puts down as change in them, is in reality change in himself. He knows he left England a young boy, but he does not constantly feel he has returned an old one. The consequence is, he finds the country changed too. A man who lives in a fog appreciates a fine day, he who has lived long in fine weather does not appreciate the fine day, but thinks the fog a nuisance. He swallows a quantity, and feels

it at the bottom of his stomach: he sits in a draught, and gets a cold in his head: he is caught in a shower, and gets rheumatism in his shoulder: and he concludes the climate of England has changed. The rivers are not so broad; the mountains are not so high, and he would, if he could, persuade himself the land also has changed. His social position is no better. What stake has he in the land? What influence on the affairs of even a village? In England he is a mere nobody. If he is lucky he invests his money, and gets 5 per cent., and this interest enables his wife, with strict economy, to make the two ends meet: but his girl is growing up to womanhood; his boy must start in some profession. It is this that gives him anxiety; he can do nothing to secure their position in society, no talent can help him; all he can do is to deny himself an extra glass of wine, and save a miserable penny. Will his services entitle him to a commission in the Indian army for his son? Will the Company listen to such a claim? This becomes his first object, and he strives hard to place his son in the same position he occupies himself. The prospects for his daughters are still worse. The whole land is full of pretty and amiable girls unmarried. "I can't afford to marry," is the eternal exclamation of men who can afford to live in town and dissipate at the clubs. This position is in a great measure the fault of the sex. Women are the steady enemies of emigration; they have retarded the growth of these colonies; they have prevented far more emigration than has taken place; and yet the want of their society is the curse of the colonies; the people who feel this want retrograde from civilization and become immoral; it detracts from the pleasure of existence and adds to its vices; it retards the success of a colony, insures the ruin of hundreds in its vacant space, creates low debauchery—the society of a grog shop must compensate for that of a wife. It is deplorable that such should be the case in the colonies, whilst thousands of marriageable girls at home are passing into old maids. Should the husband see all this in the same light that I do, and touch on the subject of emigration, the chances are, he finds an opponent in his wife. If he persuades her of the benefits arising from such an act, she submits; but it is the submission of a woman who sacrifices herself for the good of her husband, and the prospects of her children. Instead of emigrating, gentlemen situated as I have described, take up their residence on the continent, and persuade themselves they are enjoying a continental tour, that they are teaching their children foreign languages; but this is wretched equivocation, a miserable attempt to economize, and what is worse, it is selfish. In what degree are the children benefited by such an act? Is it by the saving of fifty pounds per annum? I would ask, are people not emigrants who reside in Brussels, Florence, or any other continental towns?

"Oh, but the climate is so delightful, and England did not agree with my poor husband."

"There is no climate in Europe, or I believe in the world, equal to that of New Zealand or Tasmania."

"But then we are so near England."

"What's the use of being near England, if you cannot go there?"

"Oh! but the society is so much better."

"That society is composed of people situated as you are, with a few tourists; if you emigrated, that society would be in the colony you emigrate to."

It is the truth of this latter remark I would wish to impress on all so situated. With what object do people pass their time in these continental towns? To wonder who is Mrs. So and So; to pick a hole in Mr. That's coat; and to find out whether the Grand Duke will personally review the troops. Now I call that vegetating. Every one vegetates, who has no object in life; he most of all who most dissipates, and the consequence is, he is most seedy. I mean no pun; I consider the subject too serious, so serious, that I am astonished at my own presumption in attempting to write on it: nor would I do so, were I not persuaded that it might do good, and that I possess the two requisites—some knowledge of those for whom I write, and some knowledge of the country of which I write. Not long ago in London, I met a Major of the Madras Army—I called on him just before leaving the country for New Zealand. He lived in a little house in the suburbs, for which he paid a rental of £200 a year. He was muffled up in a room, where a large fire consumed all the air that found its way in, in spite of every precaution. In this impure atmosphere, so different from what men in this country are accustomed to, the Major attempted to welcome me; but he had so bad a cold, that I found it difficult to understand what he said. He expressed astonishment at my going to New Zealand, which he described as a country where hungry savages generally baked European visitors; and he thanked God, as he had just retired, that his own work was over, and that he might now enjoy himself. I thought, as Mr. Saddletree said, that he was thankful for small mercies. I would bet that he is now vegetating on the continent, and beginning to fret about the prospects of his boys and girls. When peoples' means do not allow them to live at home, they should consider whether their means will ever be such that they can, with any comfort, reside in England. If not, they should boldly take the bull by the horns, and instead of wasting their existence on the continent, sail at once for one of the colonies, where their object will be to take a high place in society, and create a property which they can hand down to succeeding generations. When a man works for such an object, he works with pleasure, and cheerfully endures any hardships, since he sees his own work favourably progressing. Man has an innate pleasure in creating, which is more observable in the colonies than elsewhere. I have even seen one or two, who think the pleasure of a colony gone, when its first great difficulties are overcome. It is seen in England, where men ruin themselves by building. In India, men make gardens of their compounds, which are just growing into beauty, when they are taken possession of by people unknown to the creator. With what pleasure such men would form in a beautiful country, a permanent estate, and in a climate that excites to action! If in

this work there are disagreeables to be endured, and hardships to be encountered, there are pleasures too that more than repay, and an object where success is a great reward. The disagreeables are all met on starting, and soon overcome; the reward is permanent, and even more than that, for it is increasing. It is better that men should be engaged in founding a nation, than in idling amongst foreigners; it is better for women to become the mothers of a people that will rule the southern seas, than flirting with beggarly Counts. And I maintain that it is more pleasant to live in a land like New Zealand, in such society as they themselves would make, than in any German town. Granting what I say to be true, and that it is better for many officers returning from India, to proceed to the colonies instead of returning home, or living on the continent, the question is, to which of the colonies they should go? Every one will at once see it is of importance that this entire emigration should be directed to one spot; all my remarks have but one object, and that is, to point out this spot. It may be as well to state the conclusions I have arrived at regarding the colonies of Great Britain, from the study of books, and from questioning old colonists.

The two great portions of the world, to which emigration is directed from the British Isles, are the northern states of America and Canada; Australia, including Van Dieman's Land, and New Zealand. Recent events proclaim the Cape of Good Hope as not worth considering. No man in his senses would place his property and life at the mercy of the most cruel and treacherous savages that disgrace the human form. By far the greater number of emigrants is absorbed by the United States of America, but the men who go there, are men hastening to the first land that offers them bread; men who fly a country in which they starve, and whose laws provide for them a work-house or a prison. The land of the far west is cheap, but heavily timbered, the society lawless. The squatter armed with rifle and bowie knife, is a neighbour little less to be feared than the Indian savage, who occasionally makes inroads for scalps. It is a question now engaging the attention of Statesmen in England, why almost the entire pauper emigration flows to America. It is wonderful how well the *Times* accounts for this. The *Thunderer* can write plausible nonsense as well as its neighbours, and much better than most journals, cover a bad foundation with a pretty structure. It accounts for the unwillingness of the peasantry to emigrate to the Australian gold mines, by the fact that land in that colony cannot be sold at less than £1 per acre, whereas in America the states dispose of it at four shillings. Do men emigrate to California to purchase land? Do one-tenth of the quarter of a million of human beings that yearly leave the shores of Britain, go with an idea of buying land? If so, it is clear they go to the backwoods, for there only is the land cheap; yet, strange to say, we find by far the greater number in the sea-port towns. Let the *Times* inquire whether it is high wages or cheap land that induces pauper emigration. The fact is, that no great amount of labour was required in the Australian colonies before the discovery of the gold

mines. An account of the wages in Australia and the wages in the States would at once prove why emigration was directed to the latter country in preference. There is another reason. No English or Irish peasant likes the idea of going to the land where all the thieves and cut-throats are sent as a punishment. Once the channel is worn for the stream, it is no easy thing to turn it another way, and so it flows on, and so it will, till a sudden impulse takes the nation, and that mania will cover the seas with ships to Australia. There is another question that may as well be touched on here. The *Times* has condemned the Canterbury colony on the same ground—its high-priced land. This question they treat in a very off-hand manner; they deal with the broad fact that land in Canterbury is three pounds an acre, and land in the backwoods of America four shillings. Who will give three pounds an acre for land when they can get the same article for four shillings? Who will give fifty pounds for a Cashmere shawl when they can get one from Paisley for five? What constitutes the value of land? Position first, fertility next; but there is another consideration to be taken into account in valuing waste land. I mean its facilities for cultivation. In the valley of the Hutt near Wellington, they cleared some of the land at an expence of £40 per acre; this certainly was in a measure owing to inexperience, but put the proper price down at a third of that sum. Is that land, when cleared, worth what it cost in clearing? If it be only worth that sum, it follows that the land in a state of nature is worth nothing. Yet that soil is as rich as any in New Zealand, and situated near the principal town. Thus in this instance the two elements of value were overthrown by the want of a third. The land the Canterbury association offer for sale is all ready for the plough. Let the *Times* prove that land to be as dear at three pounds an acre, and timbered land in the backwoods of America cheap at four shillings; and nothing more can be said on that point; but till this is settled, it may as well be asserted that people are mad who give such sums for land in England when they can get it so much cheaper in America. I can see nothing in the States to induce a gentleman to transfer his allegiance from his Queen and country. To Canada a better class of emigration is directed. There one will meet men of loyal principles, and with good English society. The land too costs little, but like that in the States, it is heavily timbered. The country also labours under the disadvantage of being frozen up for seven months of the year.

Such a climate is too severe for men who have served long in this country; the work is hard, and the interest returned for money small. The Canadians consider the advantages of their country to be their proximity to a civilized nation, the easy distance from Europe by steam, and the fact of the colony having so far progressed; but I cannot see the advantage of being divided from the States by a river, unless they would wish to be represented by a star on the spangled banner,—a question on which they will not be much consulted when their time comes. I hold it to be a disadvantage to have an encroaching power like the States on their

frontier. As to the advantage of steam, it is not confined to America. There is no colony that will benefit more than New Zealand by this invention. There is something in the fact that the colony has so far progressed, but it does not much affect the new colonist, who has still to retire to the woods. The further the colony progresses, the further back the new-comer is thrown, or he sacrifices the advantages of first colonization. There are many elements of discord in Canada, which will yet be the source of war and misery; nor are the resources of the country such as to give much prospect of future success. The other great field for emigration is Australia. I think a better class proceed there than to Canada or the States. This is owing to the greater opening for capital. Sheep farming is a most profitable investment and has made fortunes for hundreds. Australia, with its wide grassy plains, absorbed considerable capital, but required little labor. America contains vast capital, and absorbs any amount of labor: this accounts, as I before observed, for the pauper emigration being directed to America, the capitalist to Australia. The discovery of the rich gold diggings will completely alter the aspect of affairs in Australia, and tend to make a condensed population of what were a scattered pastoral people. There are three successful settlements, those of Sydney, Port Philip, and Adelaide. " These towns are growing into beautiful cities; the rural land around is highly cultivated, the districts beyond covered with flocks and herds. Tasmania is a beautiful island, with a climate equal to that of New Zealand. It is the granary of Australia. Gentlemen's seats cover the land; which, though far inferior to what one sees in England in laboured-beauty, possess advantages of climate and natural scenery which England cannot boast. Certainly of the colonies of these seas, the most highly cultivated is Tasmania, the finest city is Sydney, but the origin of their greatness is their greatest misfortune. This convict labour, which made a city of Sydney, and a garden of Van Dieman's Land, made also a pandemonium of both. Convict labour in creating wealth appeared a boon. The system was much the same as slave labour, only the colonists got their slaves for nothing. The Government being obliged to keep up an establishment to overawe these convicts, and protect the colonists, expended money, to present the colony with free labour. Such a system was most beneficial in its immediate effect, and most disastrous in its final effect. Many, when their probationary punishment was over, took their place in the colony as free men. Others obtained pardons, and some escaped into the bush, banded together, and committed robbery and murder. The towns grew in size and grew in vice. Capital encreased, the colonies became well able to import free labour, but when they tried, they found all the advantages of the colonies swamped, in the fact that the peasant who emigrated would become the associate of thieves. Nor was this all; in the ferment of the leaven, some came to the top: the Sydney convict, now a free man, worth his thousands of pounds, could well afford to sneer at honesty, and point to himself and many others as instances of the delusion of the

saying, that it is the best policy. Some of them took a lead in the commerce of the land; their motto was, make money, honestly if possible, but still make money. This was pretty generally acted on in Sydney, and led to the saying that the town was composed of two classes, those who had been transported and those who should have been. Thieves and cut-throats might build the finest palaces in the world, but would such a palace be a paradise, if inhabited by the men who built it? No, though the best rooms were occupied by the artists under whose direction it rose. Such I hold to be the position of Sydney and Van Dieman's land. The district of Port Philip is the garden of Australia. At this moment I believe it to be the finest colony England possesses. I do not mean in its natural advantages taken alone. In this respect I think Canterbury far surpasses it, though I might find hundreds loudly to contradict such an opinion. That those advantages are great, is seen at once by its unparalleled rise; fifteen years ago that land was unknown; now the district is overflowing with flocks and herds; two cities are rising on its vast and land-locked harbour; for miles and miles around these towns the land is highly cultivated, and both the towns and cultivation are rapidly increasing. Its gold mines are probably the richest in the world, but to that as yet it owes nothing, for these results were gained before the gold was discovered. It is free from the curse of the convict system, tainted alone by its neighbourhood to the tainted districts. Port Philip is a striking example of what grass can do for a country. Every thing is summed up in that one word. The quickness of its rise in a measure is owing to fortuitous circumstances. When the district was discovered, famished sheep were dying by thousands on the Sydney "runs". This fine grassy land bordered on the overstocked district of Sydney—the "boiling-down" system was then unknown—the soil overstocked, Port Philip undiscovered. This gave rise to the crisis that nearly ruined Australia. The rush of the squatters with their famished flocks to the new land may be easily imagined, the runs were taken up and stocked, an export at once created, and Melbourne rose. It is strange that so fine a country should remain so long unknown. It bordered on the lands of Sydney, and vessels passing through Bass Straits coasted along its shore on their way to Port Jackson. So great is the value attached to land, that in purchasing the lease of a well situated "run," more money is paid than for the cattle and sheep it carries. All the rural land near the town is purchased. It requires considerable capital to make a good start in Port Philip. In such a colony capital tells. Men can safely receive three times the interest for money they can get in England. For all that are inclined to work, there are ways and means open, and more especially now that the gold mania is raging. To such a country, the emigration of the half-castes of India should be directed. The climate would suit them, and there is work for thousands; but good as the country may be for my own brethren, I repeat in the words of Pickwick's fat-boy, "I knows a betterer."

To the west of Port Philip lies the town and district of Adelaide. In

natural advantage it is far surpassed by the former. The site of the town is bad, the water far away, and consequently scarce, the harbour not to be compared to Port Philip or Port Jackson, nor are its grazing capabilities in any way to be compared to those of its sister colony. Whilst Port Philip was rapidly rising, Adelaide was sinking into insignificance. It was saved by the discovery of the copper mines of Burra Burra. This fortunate discovery overthrew all appearance of decay. Its rise became as rapid as people had foretold its fall, and it now stands one of the most successful colonies of Australia.

Far away to the west and near the Leuwin* lies a harbour called King George's Sound, and at its head a village called Albany, an insignificant place, and never likely to rise to greater importance. The harbour is valuable only for ships distressed in the constant gales that blow off the Cape; there is nothing in the land that can ever raise their village to importance. Round the Cape, but not far north, is situated the settlement of Swan River. Its position for commerce is better than that of any other colony in Australia. Within the influence of the South-East trades, it never feels the gales that a hundred miles further South blow with such violence from the West. When the monsoon blows up the Bay of Bengal, a ship from Swan River would reach Calcutta in three weeks; keeping in the trades, she would run nearly to the Cape of Good Hope with a strong wind on her quarter. From the Cape she would go before the western gales near to the longitude of Leuwin, and still with a fair wind, (which seems to divide at the Cape, and blow down the coasts, as most assuredly the tide runs,) make straight for her port. Thus for all commerce to Asia, Africa and Europe, Swan River is well situated. Captain Sterling, of the Royal Navy, being detained on the coast, surveyed the country about Swan River. With a sailor's eye he saw its commercial advantages. He was deceived in the grassy appearance of the land; but this is not surprising when it is remembered that Australian squatters have often been so deceived. Many have taken up new runs which they thought would last for ever, and found that before the year was out, the grass was gone. Never did a colony start with fairer hopes than that of Swan River. The country appeared singularly well adapted for a colony. The plan was considered perfect, yet both were bad. Captain Sterling was deceived in the appearance of the soil. It was not adapted for the growth of wool to any great extent, nor of any other commodity. The place in itself contained an element of failure. The Government granted to individuals large tracts of land, which they chose in blocks around the town, thus throwing back the mass of settlers to a distance that gave no hope of profitably raising produce and carrying it to market. Under this system the settlement sank, and was heard of no more for years, save to give point to that termed the

* South Western Cape of Australia—refer to Map.

"Wakefield theory." It is again raising its head, and the last thing we hear of it is, a petition praying for the importation of the convicts, repudiated by the wiser and better settlements. In one of our West India colonies, the planters were much annoyed by a rat indigenous to the country; they determined to get rid of the rat, and with the wisdom that sometimes governs our councils, they hit upon the following expedient; they introduced the English rat. Let the Swan River colonists beware—they may find like the West India planters that they have introduced the very mischief into the land. Though Australia contains vast tracts of fertile land, as a whole it is not fertile. The climate is too dry, and water too scarce; hot winds sometimes blow, and the curse of periodical famines hangs over the soil. There are few spots where the land is adapted for a dense population. The vast extent of grassy land enables the country to support innumerable flocks and herds, yet no where in Australia can it be cultivated to carry these widely scattered animals condensed, because it cannot grow English grasses and the runs must have water. The discovery of gold will direct to Australia a great emigration. When it is known for certain in England, and on the continent, that a common labourer can make the pay of a Lieutenant-Colonel of the English army, he will go to that country, and in such numbers, that a dense population will be placed on a soil not capable of supporting it. Tasmania can grow little more produce than it does grow. Where then can the supply be looked for but from New Zealand? Thus the rich mines of Sydney and Port Philip will re-act, all New Zealand giving an impetus to the cultivation of these islands, which nothing else could have done. If gold be not found in New Zealand, which I fear may, but hope never will, be the case, Australia will bear the many disadvantages of these mines, whilst New Zealand will reap nearly equal advantages.

The society of Australia is tainted by the imported vice from England. The *Times* says, that statistics prove nine-tenths of the crimes to be committed by men, who are or have been convicts, and he justly observes, it can readily be believed that a great portion of the other tenth is owing to the example and influence of these men. Yet, in the face of this, I heard a Sydney merchant assert that convict labour, was better than free labour, inasmuch as it was cheaper. His argument was such as one might expect from such premises. It was a vile slander on the human race. "All men are villains and thieves; convicts only convicted ones." 'Tis such men that abuse the Canterbury association, the plan, and the colony. These ideas, I am glad to say, are not held by his class, as the manly and energetic stand now made against the further importation of these outcasts, proves. The colony, planted in vice, will grow in vice; they who believe that the immigration to the gold diggings will swamp this taint, know little of human nature. Were the men who emigrate to the diggings really good men, they could scarcely escape the tendency to immorality of the pursuit; the easy possession of more money than they have been accustomed to; and worst of all, the

example. But we all know this class to be generally composed of idle and worthless men, who have failed in other employments, men who are too vicious to work for fair wages, or too lazy to work at all. Thus the broad road being carefully levelled, and the living crowd hurrying on, the narrow way is passed unheeded and unheard the warning voice; few can extricate themselves from the universal rush, and who can turn the stream? Thus inoculated by vice, inundated by a large pauper immigration, and working on a congenial soil, that is, a soil impregnated with gold, the cities, towns, and villages of Australia will grow as they have been planted, and produce most bitter fruit. A century will show the work of vice and climate, and our descendants contrast the vigorous intellect and manly flame of the New Zealander, with the poorer specimens of Australian humanity, and wonder how men from the same stock can so widely differ. The principle on which the New Zealand settlements have been founded, the exquisite climate and the pursuit of agriculture, will produce a strong, intellectual, and moral race, while grand scenery will give grand ideas and a love of Fatherland. These islands have been called the Britain of the South, and it has been predicted that they will rule that hemisphere. This has furnished a never-failing subject of sarcasm to the Australians; but men who look well into the futurity written on the face of a country, will see the truth of the prediction. Who can deny a brilliant future to the states of America? Who can doubt the quick rise in wealth, population and beauty of the Australian town? Who can imagine that England can sit on the pinnacle of the world for ever? The great destiny claimed for these islands, and the results of eleven years' colonization are strikingly in contrast, and have often been sneeringly pointed to. The best answer to this is a sketch of the career of the settlements.

Captain Cook was the first English navigator who gave a detailed account of what he saw in New Zealand. It was of an interest such as would now be excited by a man returning from a dive to the bottom of the Pacific, and reciting his adventures with the Mermaids. The truth of nothing he wrote could be questioned, but no one thought of following him. The natives were known to be Cannibals, and they were represented to have treacherously murdered boats' crews and dined on them. That these stories should have excited great horror in England is very natural, but there are two sides to a story, and there is not one of these massacres that the traditions or memory of the Maori don't place in a very different light. That the New Zealanders should have been Cannibals (for it is now among the have beens) is the most natural thing. In fact they often had a choice of that or starvation. It should be remembered that with the exception of a few dogs or birds, these islands, to Cook, presented the extraordinary appearance of a country better adapted than almost any other to support animal life, yet a lifeless wilderness. In a recent article in *Blackwood's Magazine,* on the New Zealanders, it was agreed by one of the characters, and I perfectly agree with him, that Canni-

balism is a proof of the superiority of the race. Custom reconciles us to all things; that which is handed down by our fathers requires nothing to reconcile it. It appeared most natural to the Maori that he who was victor should dine on his antagonist. When that custom was done away with, the pleasure and reward of the fight were gone. At any rate the New Zealanders found this dinner agree with them. Yet they gave it up at once, when they became a little civilized, and saw with what horror the Europeans regarded it. Horsburgh, the great navigator, recommended no crew to go near the coast, and when obliged to land for want of water or wood, to go armed. These boats' crews, when they came in contact with the natives, shot them as they would harpoon a shark. It is often thus, by powder and shot, that Europeans show the superiority of their civilization in barbarous lands. The Whalers were the men who first began to understand the natives, and to give them an idea of us. Cruising in these seas for oil, they were forced often to land, and come in contact with the Maori, the Native New Zealanders. They found them an intelligent and an obliging race, who willingly aided them to establish settlements on the coast. There they grew vegetables and other articles for the whaling ships, and in their shore boats successfully prosecuted that trade. These sailors married Maori girls and lived a dissipated life. They had established a trade with Sydney, and were well supplied with all they wanted. The Missionaries followed them, and quickly gained great influence with the tribes. In their ranks were men not wholly influenced by the wish to propagate the gospel. Whatever may have been their motives, one thing is certain; as a body, they were opposed to the colonization of these islands. Not only did they oppose it, but they created a dislike on the part of the Maori to the settlers, whom they taught to look upon as devils. The New Zealanders very naturally asked, are all white men devils? Yes, all white men that come here are. Then how is it you are not? was rather a home question. They may have wished to save the New Zealanders from the fate that follows savages who come in contact with civilization; but they might have seen that they were dealing with no ordinary savages, but men whose intellect would quietly place them on a par with Europeans. That they opposed colonization not altogether on account of the Maori is clear, from the fact that the vast tracts of land claimed by them tended greatly to embarrass that fertile subject of dispute—the land question. One man I believe produced his title to an estate as large as England, and those were looked on as moderate claims, whose limits did not exceed in extent an English county. The Missionaries would not, and the Whalers could not, write an account of New Zealand, but still what Cook had said remained, and Englishmen turned with interest to the boot-like form that marked its limits on the map. A very able man, Gibbon Wakefield, Esq., became early impressed with the advantages possessed by New Zealand. Through his untiring efforts a company was formed, who endeavoured to impress on Government the necessity of tak-

ing possession of them for England and founding a colony there. The Government refused, as they feared being involved in a war with the natives; but they had no objection to the Company endeavouring to found an independent settlement. This body was incorporated by act of Parliament as the New Zealand Company. The efforts of this Company brought New Zealand into prominent notice. The land was now open to any power that choose to take possession of it. The French also thought this a favorable opportunity for establishing a settlement in these seas. So they started an expedition organized by a company in Bordeaux. John Bull had no idea of permitting this. What the entreaties of all acquainted with the land could not do, the movement on the part of France at once accomplished. The islands were declared part of England's dominion, and Governor Hobson nominated as the first representative of the Crown. It was a question of time. Governor Hobson arrived first, in a few days the French made their appearance, and found that they had been what is emphatically termed "sold" by Perfide Albion. Never was there a stronger proof that the most momentous questions are mere playthings of trifling occurrence. A few days' calm on the line—or perhaps a gale of wind in the Bay of Biscay, saved the Southern hemisphere, in days to come, from a repetition of the bloody wars fought by these rival nations in Europe. It would at any rate have been a never-failing source of regret to England, had France succeeded in giving over these noble islands to her galley slaves. Governor Hobson gave this expedition permission to land their colonists at Akeroa, Bank's Peninsula, under the superintendence of an English Magistrate. That French Company is now extinct, and the colony they formed, is a portion of the Canterbury block. Whilst this was going on, the New Zealand Company was entirely engaged in organizing an emigration to Cook's Straits. The ship *Tory* arrived with Colonel Wakefield, Agent of the Company, and a staff of surveyors. As no country claimed New Zealand, the Agent considered himself justified in purchasing from the natives vast tracts of land bordering on Cook's Straits. He found no difficulty in inducing the natives to take any amount of guns, blankets and other articles, and sign any thing he chose. The Maori at first were delighted to see the men who gave them bread and blankets, and they shook hands heartily with the first few hundreds, but when these hundreds swelled to thousands, they began to grow suspicious, and became annoying in their insatiable demands for more blankets and guns. The conduct of Rauperaha, an old Cannibal Chief of great influence, gave the settlers much uneasiness, but the arrival of the governor and the proclamation that added the islands to the dominion of England, were hailed with joy, and all difficulties with the natives were in their ideas speedily to be overcome. Never were men more deceived. Governor Hobson mistook his mission. He was sent to foster into strength the settlements founded by the New Zealand Company, but he conceived a passion to become a founder himself. His first attempt was a failure. He started with

"Russel" in the Bay of Islands, but speedily abandoned it. Finally he established himself, the troops and officials, at Auckland, far north in the northern islands, as far as he could well get from the Cook's Straits settlements. The difficulty of communication may be imagined when the news from Auckland was generally received at Wellington viâ Sydney. Capt. Hobson now legislated with one object; to make a successful town of Auckland. His only method of succeeding in this was by drawing away the settlers from the Straits.

The Agent for the Company and the land purchasers firmly resisted. A paper war ensued, the interests of the north and south were placed in direct collision, and Governor Hobson became personally the enemy of the men who endeavoured to defeat his darling project—legislating for an object diametrically opposed to the interests of the settlements, (for Auckland was a mere Government establishment,) and personally disliking the settlers. What was hailed as a boon became a curse. And it was a curse, for it led to murder and anarchy, and finally war brought the colony to the lowest ebb, drove many individuals to ruin, and gave rise to a question, which struck at the root of the settlements, rendered all property insecure, and which to this day has not been quite settled. The quick intellect of the Maori taught them the position in which the settlers stood; they became insolent in their demands, and from insolence the transition was quick to a hostile attitude. Outrages were committed by them with impunity; men cultivating the rural land they had purchased were turned off and many shot at. Commissioners were appointed to protect the natives, and in their hands a simple question of compensation to appease the conflicting claims, became a Gordian knot of intricacy. They brought the difficulties of English law to bear on New Zealand barbarity, and astonished both the settlers and natives. The native, by physical force, kicked the settler off the land he had paid a high price for; and the Commissioner by a quibble justified it. Thus they were cut off from the hope of exports, when the Governor treated the customs as a plaything. No man was safe in any speculation, and thus they were cut off from imports. Never was town in a more complete state of blockade than Wellington, and it survived the crisis only through the indomitable perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race. Governor Hobson was not permitted to complete the work, the exact antithesis of what he was sent to perform. He had drawn on his head the ire of the powerful company who had founded these settlements, and he was removed. The settlement of Nelson had been founded. Colonel Wakefield wished it placed where Canterbury now is, but the Governor refused; the Governor wished it to be placed near Auckland, to which Colonel Wakefield objected; the alternative then was Cook's Straits. "New Plymouth" was founded by a company in Plymouth, and a small settlement was also started at Wanganui. Capt. Fitzroy succeeded to the Government, and endeavoured to work the colony by the same machinery the late Governors had left. The

great aim of both Governors seems to have been to avoid a war which perhaps from the first was inevitable. The acts of the natives had wound up in a frightful massacre, in which some of the first gentlemen of the land fell in the valley of the Waireau. Disheartened and disgusted, the colonists beheld one after another their brilliant hopes vanish. Nature seemed to combine with man in defeating prospects more bright than ever had been held out to a colony leaving a mother shore. Where was the flax, the spars, the oil, the wool, the grain, the furniture wood? All had been promised, and not one had succeeded as an export. Had they been deceived? No. Above their heads towered tall spars fit for lower masts for line-of-battle ships, beautiful furniture wood cumbered the ground, flax grew in quantities under their feet, and this vegetation was a proof of the fertility of the soil; but all remained a sealed letter to them. The difficulties of creating an export, even with the material to their hand, when their labour market was at the antipodes of the world, were not fully understood. To illustrate this, I will quote an instance. Twelve miles from Lyttelton men are employed sawing wood. When sawn they throw the boards into a boat, which sails by sea to Lyttelton, and the wood is thrown on the jetty. In the backwoods of Canada, and in Norway, saw mills cut up wood. It is imported to England, landed, brought down to the docks again, thrown into the hold of an emigrant ship, carried to Lyttelton harbour, taken to the jetty in the long boat, and thrown ashore by the side of the other timber after, I think, paying a duty. The Colonial wood is a beautiful furniture wood, lasting, and easily worked, the imported is but common deal, yet well organized labour can stand this incredible competition. The efforts to export spars failed through want of labour. A chemical preparation was necessary to separate the fibre of the flax from the glutinous vegetable matter in which it is encased; the natives did this by scraping it with a shell, but such work would ruin any one who tried it, and to export it to England, encumbered with any portion of this gluten, ensures it being landed a rotten mass. The first land cleared in the Hutt, cost, as I before observed, forty pounds an acre, a sum far greater than the value of the land when cleared. The export of oil which at least appeared certain, vanished with the whale from the coast. A few straggling stations are now all that remains of this once great export of New Zealand. Nothing then could have been worse than the prospects of these settlements during the regime of Captain Fitzroy. Immigration had ceased and emigration was going on. Bands of hostile natives drove away any colonist who dared to settle on his land, defied the Government, and committed murder with impunity. There was no export, and they had even failed in growing sufficient to support themselves. Thus they were at their last gasp, when Sir G. Grey was sent to the rescue. He had successfully carried Adelaide through a most difficult crisis, and his appointment was hailed with joy. This time they were not deceived. He saw that his first step was to bring the natives to reason. The war that ensued

was most satisfactory in its result, though no brilliant exploits added glory to our arms. In fact no war with a savage nation can. Had the Maori combined, they would have driven the Government troops and settlers into the sea, and the English nation would then have learned what the Caffres are now teaching them, that the arms, dress and equipment of the English soldier are the worst possible for bush fighting. But Sir G. Grey understood the policy which, backed by the force of arms, has spread our empire over the world—"divide and conquer." He separated the tribes—whilst some combined against us, others remained neutral, and some joined us. Even successful in this, he found the war a most difficult one, and perhaps it was well for the colony that he combined the talent of a General with diplomatic skill. The settlers who all along had but waited the nod of the Governor to rush headlong to war, were astonished at the result of the first operations. Like the nation of which they are a part, utterly ignorant of military affairs, and puffed up with ideas of their own valour, they were ready to run like a bull at a railway train. Were they not Englishmen, and how could these savages stand before them; how stand the glitter of the bayonets that had scattered Napoleon's best troops? Is not the hunter of the far west superior to the Indian savage? and so also must not they be superior to the Maori savage? But the moral of this had no effect on the New Zealanders, who repulsed our troops from their stockades, shot our red coats in the forests, and stormed and burned the wretched remnant of Governor Hobson's folly, Russell. This last was no affair of surprise. Heki, who led the New Zealanders, sent word that he would do it, and he did do it at the time he said. But the judicious operations of the Governor forced the New Zealanders into the bush, where a few weeks of rain, cold, and starvation, rather damped their love of war. They proposed that fighting should cease till the weather became fine, and they had laid in provisions; and then they would be ready to fight again. They were astonished when this proposal was treated with contempt, and they found that what they had been taught to consider a pleasant pastime, was with us the last desperate resort. The war ended in their submission. It proved to us that the Maori were a noble and a dangerous foe; it proved to them that they could not successfully contend against a nation whose power was unseen, and perhaps over-estimated, and both the settlers and the natives saw that their best policy was to pull together and live in peace. With the war passed the danger of the crisis. When this, the greatest pressure, was removed, the rise of the settlements at once showed the weight from which they were relieved. The next step of Sir George was to place the "land question" on a satisfactory footing, then no easy job. In this also he succeeded. The towns began to recover life and breath. Again English ships with immigrants cast anchor in Port Nicholson. Again Australian vessels landed their cargoes of sheep and cattle. Again the axe sounded in the wood, and the farmer yoked his cattle to the plough. Never were seen two more striking

examples of despotic rule. Now under one Governor, the colony sank to the verge of ruin. Now under another it rose into life and vigour. Public opinion in England began to change with the change of prospects of the colony. The results of the New Zealand Company's operations had been sneeringly pointed to. Men had boldly affirmed it was impossible to found a successful colony in the country; that it was mere mountain, bog and wood, incapable of producing an export, without which no colony can live. To this day they have affirmed that there is no pastoral land, and therefore it cannot grow wool—that it might raise grain, potatoes, and vegetables which, when men and pigs had eaten their fill, would become a drug; in other words, that there was no market for any produce New Zealand could raise. Some nine months ago, this was the ground-work of an article in the *Times*; less than a year ago, I saw it positively asserted in the *Colonial Magazine*. I have often heard men express the same opinion, and seen it laid down as a fact in many journals. The question is always asked those who attempt to controvert this opinion, why then have they not produced the export? And the example of Port Philip is invariably cited. I have never seen this clearly answered. I have never seen it clearly laid down, what New Zealand could produce and what markets were open for her produce. Hand-books picture a paradise, and think this subject quite beneath them. Colonizing societies soar far above such details, even the Canterbury association, who embody the most complete scheme ever laid before the public, apparently glossed it over, and occupied the attention of the colonists by visions of the great mission they were about to fulfil. In reality they and every one else were ignorant on the subject. It is only now coming to light, the value of the plains of the middle Island are only now beginning to be understood. In this question is the success or failure of a colony simply summed up. All hinges on what can be produced, and what markets are open for that produce. Had I had any idea of writing on this country before I left the colony, I would have procured some figures to work on. As it is, I can give only an opinion,—an opinion in itself worth next to nothing, were it not backed by wiser and more experienced men. I will now carry my readers to the promised land, where they must remain till next month, when I will come forward, and point out the beauties and prospects of the place.

The reaction in New Zealand was followed by a reaction in England. The Free Kirk of Scotland formed the colony of Otago. Colonel Wakefield despatched emissaries to choose the site. They examined the plains of Port Cooper and condemned them, thus showing how well fitted they were for the work in which they were employed. The fact was, there was scarcely a man in New Zealand capable of judging of the real value of these plains. Wellington was now growing into a commercial town. Nelson established a rewery and rope manufactories; Jew Plymouth exported agricultural produce in considerable uantities; and all wore a smiling aspect, when that movement

was commenced which gave a new tone to emigration. This movement was heralded by the formation of one of the most powerful companies ever organized, with a list of some of the best names in England. Nothing was wanting to give force to the great experiment now in its infancy, an experiment intended to prove that religion is the best foundation on which to erect a society; that it is not impossible at once to create at the antipodes a society resembling in many points that of England, which is the growth of centuries; that there are more profitable employments for poor gentlemen than hanging about the anti-chambers of great men, and that without any sacrifice, families may rise instead of descending in the scale of society. Such were the ends this association combined to achieve, such were the objects with which they formed their plan. I attended at the Canterbury rooms more at first from curiosity; but afterwards I took my passage to the colony in one of their ships, a convert to their opinions. I saw how the plan worked in England; I saw how it worked on board ship, and I saw how it worked in the new land; and I can give my opinion without hesitation, that carefully as the theories of the plan have been formed, they have been as carefully put in practice. I believe it to be impossible fully to carry out some of these theories in a new land, but taking it as a whole, I consider the excellence of the plan to be only surpassed by the excellence of the site chosen. In the following number I will endeavour to give my reasons for this opinion, more especially if I find that the subject really possesses such interest for the Indian public as I was led on first landing in this country to believe.

MAN'S MISSION.

Faithfully fulfil thy mission!
  Let this ever be thy creed,
If thou wishest plenteous harvest,
  Sow with careful hand the seed.

What declares the sacred record?
  Was not man's primeval doom,
Daily bread to win by labour,
  From life's spring-tide to the tomb?

Nor was this decree restricted
  To those hardy sons of toil,
Who in forest, or in valley,
  Fell the tree, or delve the soil.

Science to the skies up-towering,
  Piercing to the depths below,
Marvels yielding blessings showering,
  Teaching man what man should know.

Are not those who lend their efforts
To expound her glorious laws.
Justly, truly, sons of labour,
Labour in a holy cause?

Point ye to the regal sceptre—
Point ye to the queenly crown?
Know there's toil in human greatness,
Thus it's doom is written down?

Statesmen have their meed of honor,
Titles high, and sounding praise—
Conquering warriors gather glory—
Tuneful poets gain their bays.

But for Statesman, Warrior, Poet,
There is weary work to do,
For the field of fame is rugged—
Hard to tread, though fair to view!

Deem ye indolence excepted
From the universal rule?
Think ye there's no special labour
For the pleasure-hunting fool?

Ne'er, perchance, did vengeful Heaven
Visit even human crime,
With a punishment more dreary,
Than consuming idle time!

There is dignity in labour,
If the toil be well bestowed,—
Even if it *be* a burden,
God hath sanctified the load!

Is not Nature ever active,
Doth not all creation move—
Tiny microscopic creatures,—
Great and glorious orbs above?

Placid lake and silent forest,
Mountain peak and lowly vale,
All have had their giant movements,
All could tell their stirring tale.

And this law of change and motion—
Law of toil, for woe or weal,—
Countless ages may not alter,
Wisest men may not repeal.

Life below must soon be ended,
Time is rapid in his flight;
Whatsoever work thou findest,
Do *it* with thy soul and might.

Faithfully fulfil thy mission!
Let this ever be thy creed,
If thou wishest plenteous harvest,
Sow with careful hand the seed.

T. J. A. S.

Bombay, January, 1852.

THE SOLDIER'S TALE.

Some years since, having lived rather a hard life in India, I was induced to return home, and put myself under the treatment of Dr. G., at Cheltenham, where the following incidents occurred.

Arriving at home in the depth of winter, as soon as possible after I had despatched my business in London, I went down to Cheltenham, and agreeably to advice given, commenced taking the waters at one of the Spas. The Spa I choose was Pitville; not owing to any superior virtues to be found in its waters, but on account of its situation, and the large extent of pleasure ground neatly and tastefully laid out, surrounding it. Owing to its being distant from the usual places of amusement, and from the more fashionable parts of the town, the attendance there is never numerous: indeed, during the winter months, there was only one person besides myself, who appeared to be a regular attendant. Often as he passed me in my rambles through the beautiful, though dreary walks, would he partially advance, as if willing to make my acquaintance, and then suddenly check himself, and resume the even tenor of his way. His looks were in his favor, and a shade of melancholy in his countenance made me interested in him, and anxious to know who this solitary being could be.

So long as the large sheet of water at the end of the long walk was frozen over, the visitors to that quarter were numerous enough; but few of them ever left the margin of its banks, or appeared to take any interest in the other portion of the grounds. The frost having continued for some time, I had determined to try my hand at skating; and one morning rose earlier than usual, so as to be on the ice before the accustomed visitors arrived, as I had had no opportunity of practising that amusement since my boyhood, and feared to make myself ridiculous before a large number of people. On coming to the lake, I was advised by one of the gatekeepers not to venture on the ice, as a sudden thaw had set in during the night and rendered it unsafe: to this advice I turned a deaf ear, not supposing that one night's thaw could much signify, particularly with so light a weight as myself. My skates were soon buckled on, and with a few staggers and more falls, I found that my former knowledge had not quite deserted me. Soon a drizzling rain set in, which determined me to return homewards, for which purpose I struck off for the opposite shore; but when within a few yards of the bank, the ice gave way beneath me with a low grating noise, and I found myself struggling in deep water, benumbed with cold, and becoming exhausted with futile efforts to extricate myself. I had begun to despair of escaping from this dangerous position, when I suddenly felt myself firmly grasped by the hand, and soon after lying panting on the bank, with my mysterious friend hanging over me. His wet appearance instantly showed me who my deliverer was; and after thanking him in the best way I could, I asked his name.

On my doing so, he regarded me earnestly for a moment, and answered in rather a confused manner. "Oh, never mind; it's not worth knowing;" then, as if reflecting for a moment, he added—"Ah, well, I live at No. —, Winchcomb street; if you think my acquaintance worth having, come and call; in the meantime get home and change as quickly as possible; there is a cab waiting for you." On my asking him to take a seat with me, he positively refused, and shaking my hand, wished me rather an abrupt farewell.

Next day I called at the house pointed out by him. The door was opened by a girl of about 13 years of age, who before I could interrogate her as to its owner, informed me, that "if I was the gent. as falled in the ice yesterday, master says I was to be shewed up." Thus saying, she beckoned me to follow her upstairs, and left me in a neatly furnished apartment—saying "she would tell master that I had comed." There were few ornaments in the room, save that over the fire-place, there hung an exquisitely-finished miniature of a beautiful young girl. In one corner was a small book-case. Glancing my eye over its contents, I found the volumes to be well selected, but many of them on Military subjects.

My friend not making his appearance, I took a book from its place, and began perusing it over the fire. Becoming absorbed in the story, I was not aware of the entry of my friend, until lightly touching me on the shoulder, he exclaimed, "I must apologize for the delay in my appearance; but I was dressing when you came, for I did not expect you so early. No bad effects I hope from yesterday's adventures?" On my telling him there were none, he said, "now you are here, you must stay and take tiffin." The word tiffin surprized me, and I replied, "I shall be most happy, but let me ask you, have you ever been in India? for the word tiffin makes me fancy so." "Yes," he said, "I have, and knew you there; I have long wished to renew our acquaintance, and now thanks to your accident of yesterday, my wish is accomplished; but"—and a shadow seemed to pass his brow—"I dare say you will not thank me for doing so. However I will now see what my poor larder can supply in the way of tiffin, and after that is over, you shall know my name, and hear my story: but hark me, you tell it to no man." I gave him the necessary promise, and we proceeded to the meal. As soon as it was finished, the fire stirred, and the little maid sent out of the room with orders not to admit any one, he commenced the following tale:—

The Soldier's Tale.

"The name I am known by here is Evans, but that is not my real one. My father's is Beecham; he was a banker, who, retiring from business, settled in Upper Park Street, Regent's Park—, where I was born. My mother was the daughter of a wealthy tradesman in the city, but being the youngest of seven girls, she brought but little portion to my father. The sum was £4,000, and this was settled on her children, of which she had two, the first a girl, who

died early, and then myself, though in bringing me into the world her own life was sacrificed. This perhaps may have been the cause of the dislike my father always evinced towards me, and the ill treatment I ever received at his hands; he was violent in the extreme, and from the earliest period of my life, was accustomed to treat me with the greatest severity for every slight fault, and I was often beaten for none at all. As soon as I could read, I had long and difficult tasks set me, generally chapters in the Bible. Before commencing his tortures with the rod, his custom was to tell me that it was written, 'Spare the rod, and spoil the child;' it may be a good maxim, but from not sparing the rod he spoiled his child, and made me hate him, and by giving me the Bible as a task, he made me hate that also: and to the hateful way in which religion was presented to me when young, I attribute my present want of it. He taught me himself until I was ten years of age, at which period I was sent as a boarder to one of the large Academies at Hampstead, and under the kind treatment of the Rev. Mr. ——, improved fast, and was in the senior form. One day, just after I had completed my sixteenth year, I was sent for home, and on proceeding to my father's study, he informed me that he had an offer of a berth for me as midshipman in an East Indiaman about to sail for Madras and Calcutta. Before a week elapsed, I found myself at Portsmouth, and was there introduced to my future companions and brother mids. The ship was called the *Hindostan*, and was good enough, but I found the life of a midshipman anything but pleasant, and my companions, many of them better fitted for St. Giles, than for associates of gentlemen. The voyage out and home, was made in the usual time, and without accident; but I was glad to hear on my arrival, from my father, that during my absence he had been offered a Cadetship for me, which he insisted on my taking. So good a thing as that I was not likely to refuse, as I had taken a thorough dislike to the sea; and knew that this appointment would render me independent of my father, and preclude the possibility of his writing harsh letters to me, now that I was too big for him to beat. For the short time I remained in England, I found myself pretty well my own master, and had accepted an invitation to visit my aunt at a place called Stroud. She had an only daughter living with her named Julia, in whose society I was a good deal thrown. Julia was then about eighteen, handsome, accomplished, and lady-like: to see her was to love her, and ere I left England, I was her accepted lover. Before parting I gave her a ring, and received from her that portrait you see over the mantel-piece. We agreed that at the end of two years she should come out to me in India, where we were to be married, and then, with mutual vows, we parted —alas! never again to meet. Returning to London, I passed the usual farce at the India House, and wished my father good-bye. Even at that moment he could not conceal his dislike to me, but said he hoped the good-bye was for ever. Scarcely able to control my temper, I answered by saying that the wish was mutual, and

thus with angry words the father and son parted. On reaching Calcutta, I found myself posted to a regiment at Loodiana, where I eventually arrived, having encountered most of the impositions and annoyances attendant on every griff. I liked the army well, and my own regiment in particular, for they were a fine gentlemanly set of men. In about two years I purchased my Lieutenancy, and from having no private means, was forced to involve myself in difficulties by doing so: this prevented Julia coming out to me, as by that time I had seen enough of married life in India to know that a married subaltern in debt was among the most wretched of mortals. So I resolved that Julia should not come out until I was free from debt, and was able to afford her such comforts as the nature of the climate render necessary. There was no selfishness in my motives; I wished the one I loved to be happy, and live as comfortably as she had always been used to live.

Of all field sports I had always been fond, and having been offered a spare Howdah by a well known sportsman in Rohilcund, I determined to avail myself of his kindness, and though the month was May, we proceeded to the Terace at the foot of the Hills, and remained there Tiger shooting for the whole month. The consequence to me was a jungle fever, and eventually a trip on medical certificate to Almorah and the snow. It was here I first made your acquaintance, and liked you well; for though you appeared to think the only good thing on earth was a Billiard table, yet there was something about you that pleased me. You must remember some of the people staying there that season, among others Amy Morton: how well she sang, and to whom, because I was simply civil, by turning over her music, playing with her, and sometimes riding with her, that hydra-headed monster, Scandal, said I was "engaged." This report reached home, and was by some kind friend told to Julia, who wrote me of it, asking me what truth there was in the matter. Doubt me, she said she could not, though the authority she received her information from, was almost enough to make her think that my boyish inclinations had changed. This last expression annoyed me, and God knows it may have been passion, or jealousy that made me write back an unfeeling letter, in which I said she must think but lightly of my love, to listen to all the tittle-tattle that came from India, and that probably her own affections had undergone a change, and that if she doubted me, she might yet withdraw her acceptance. This I fear decided her as to the truth of the report, for in reply she wrote me a short but kind note, wishing me happiness, saying,—"I return your ring, and may you be more constant to her who is now destined to be your bride, than you have been to me." This maddened me, and my resolve was to find out the author of the report. From some words accidentally overheard by me, I traced the slanderer to be Colonel K—, at that time at Almorah on leave. His house was but a short distance from my own, and walking over, I found him sitting in his verandah. To his request for me to be seated, I answered by asking him if he was the author of the report concerning my marriage

to Miss Morton. He answered with a smile, "What, are you not going to be? well, don't be angry, but sit down." Passion seized me, and the next instant he was lying insensible on the ground. Even then I pitied his grey hairs, but I felt an inward satisfaction at knowing he was hurt. Soon after my return to my own quarters, I was placed under arrest, and remained so for some days. I was then told that I might resign the service or stand a court martial. At first I resolved to resign, but unfortunately chose the latter course, and disgraced my name, for I was dismissed the service. On hearing my sentence, I wrote both to my father and Julia explaining matters; my father wrote back, addressing me as "Sir;" saying that he never wished to hear about me or see me again—as I had made my bed, so I might lie in it,—but added in a postscript the welcome intelligence, (for I had been since my sentence living on the charity of my former brother officers,) that in a few days I should be of age, and that my mother's money being settled on her children, I would be entitled to the same. The interest of that sum is all I now have to subsist on, but it is ample for my wants. However to my story, though I fear I fatigue you."

On my replying in the negative, he resumed, "Julia was all kindness—begging me to forgive her hasty judgment, but told me the informant to her of my engagement was none other than my own father. "Pray, pray, forgive me, dearest Henry," she wrote—"I feel ill, very ill, do come home, for I want to see you, as I know my days are numbered." Alarmed at the intelligence, I made what haste I could, and ere long, was on my way overland to England, with what feelings you can well imagine. Without an instant's delay, on my arrival I started for Stroud, but found the house occupied by others, who however were able to inform me that the former tenant had gone with her sick daughter to Madeira. Oh! how ominous the name of that island sounded to me—the grave of so many of England's fairest and best! Half mad with doubts and dread I returned to London, and started by packet for Madeira, but in vain, I was too late! A few days before my arrival, the spirit of Julia was restored to her Maker.

"My good aunt told me with tears in her eyes that Julia's last words were of me; her hope was to live long enough to see me once again, but, alas! that wish was frustrated. For a long time after this, all was a dreary blank to me; the excitement proved more than I could bear, and brain fever ensued. For weeks I lay tottering on the brink of the grave, but, owing to the unremitting care of my aunt, and a naturally strong constitution, I gradually came round. As soon as I was able to move, bidding my aunt good bye, I left Funchal, and settled in a small town on the Welch coast, taking the name I am at present known by.

"My solitary habits soon made me an object of curiosity, and as I feared my secret might by some means or another escape, I resolved on coming to this place. The town being large, and none of my friends or rather relations being near, I thought that my former history could not be known—hitherto I have found it the case. Such is my story, and

now," he said, "I must resort to my best and only friend, which," said he, "is this *Brandy*—it is the only thing to kill care." So saying, with a trembling hand he filled his tumbler, and drank it at once. My endeavours to dissuade him from taking more, were of no avail. On my saying that spirits consumed in such quantities, and in a raw state, were sure, sooner or later, to result in a melancholy death—he replied, "In *death!* I know that full well; my Indian experience has shown it me; I only wish it would cause death sooner than it does: there is however one comfort, it is slow, but sure,—glorious brandy!" I tried to reason with him, and awake any religious feeling he might have, but to no purpose. Seeing him sleepy, I said good night, and went home.

I frequently saw him after this, and used to walk with him into the country, hoping that change of scene and companionship might wean his mind from brooding over his miseries, and the craving for brandy; but I fear with little effect. Things had gone on in this way for about eight months, and winter was again commencing, when one day, contrary to my usual custom, I called at his house late in the afternoon. The little maid on opening the door and seeing me, said, "Oh, Sir, I am so glad you have come, master is took mad I think, he makes such a noise, and talks such stuff." On going to his room, I found him half reclining on the sofa, screaming and vociferating in a most violent manner; he recognized me, but speaking incoherently said, "My father has found me out; we quarrelled and came to blows; I killed him; there he lies; look, look how frightfully he stares at me," and then hiding his face in his hands he remained quiet for some time. During this while I had sent the servant for a medical man, as I perceived that he was suffering from delirium tremens. When the doctor arrived he was quite subdued, and with the cunning of madness, pretended he was only joking and had tried to alarm me. He allowed himself to be put to bed, but next morning he was raving, and required a strait waistcoat. From this state he never recovered, but sunk on the third day.

As soon as I possibly could, after his death, I wrote to his father, acquainting him with the circumstances, but as I neither saw him or received any answer, I was forced to hurry on the funeral. He was carried to his grave in a snow storm, and none were there to mourn his untimely end except myself; under the large yew tree in the old Churchyard his remains sleep peacefully; on the stone that marks his grave, his real name is written. Few that read it, know his history. Peace to his manes! A short time after his burial the father arrived. He did not appear to be in any way affected at the death of his son, but civilly thanking me for what I had done, took possession of the property.

I liked not his looks; the cold calculating eye, though dimmed by age, proved the truth of his unfortunate son's description of him.

THE "MOFUSSIL."

Years, long years ago, before I crossed the Atlantic, and when the extent of my salt-water experience was limited to Brighton beach, and the more humble watering places, Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs;—years ago, when the tales of the "gorgeous East" were read by me with childish wonder, or listened to, open-mouthed, when some Qui Hi recited them;—years ago, long before I had ever thought of making India my abiding place—I had heard of the "Mofussil." I never attempted to make a guess as to the meaning of the word, and as I had never been to any school or college where eastern languages formed a part of the system of education—I could not expect to understand it. In fact, I was so little interested in Indian affairs, that I'm afraid I never tried to discover aught about the country beyond what it was absolutely necessary for me to learn, and so I constantly heard and read of the Mofussil, sometimes from old Indians, sometimes through the Calcutta papers, but what the word meant, I never troubled myself to enquire. This Mofussil was a terrible place! If one outrage more horrible than another happened to be committed, it was always chronicled under the head "Mofussil." If a rich landholder flew into a rage, and cut off his tenants' ears, it was chronicled under the head of "Mofussil." If a Hindoo widow chose to make a bonfire of herself, and some dozen slaves, it was under the same head. The most frightful storms, inundations, thuggees, dacoities, typhoons, earthquakes, lightning and thunder, all were jumbled up under the same heading; and at last I began to wonder what sort of country this Mofussil could be, for up to that hour it had struck me as being a sink of iniquity, a corner of the globe where all sorts of horrible things happened, and seemingly without calling forth a remark from the Indian Editors, who contented themselves with collecting details of the horrid events for the amusement of their readers, perhaps thinking, with some show of reason, that all they might say on the matter would not mend it.

Time wore on: it became necessary for me to come out to India, and my passage was taken on board one of the old passenger ships. It is many years ago, but I have yet a vivid recollection of the creaking and cracking of her old timbers, whenever there was the slightest ruffle on the sea. A half musty, half spicy perfume pervaded her from "stem to stern," and the myriads of cockroaches and centipedes existing in every crevice, would be almost incredible now—they were countless. Many a time after I had fallen into a sound sleep, and the lights were all extinguished, have I been awoke by a few dozen of the former nibbling at my toe nails, or the lobes of my ears, and on getting hold of my towel, without which it was impossible to pass a night in peace, I have heard them whish—ish—ish—ishing away, with a sound very much resembling that of a laurel shrubbery, stirred by a brisk breeze. The centipedes

dispensed their poisonous bites amongst the sailors, but they did not touch the passengers; and the rats, many generations of which animals must have been born and bred on board, paid attention to all alike, from the Captain, (who was a wonderfully pompous little man, with R. N. after his name,) down to the cook's mate.

We arrived off the Sandheads in November, 1820, after what was considered a fine passage of five months and twenty days. We got our pilot and leadsman, and the ship was taken up by easy stages, sometimes assisted by the wind and tide, but more frequently by row boats, to Calcutta. I have never been there since, but I well remember remarking the low dirty shore, particularly that very appropriately named part, Mud Point, and the several stations, as they were called, where the Hon'ble Company's flag hung listlessly to the long white flag-staff, without a breath of air to make it fly. The pilot brought us some Calcutta papers, and there I saw the old story. Under the head of "Mofussil" a woman had been murdered for the sake of her ornaments—a sepoy had shot his officer—an European had committed suicide, and several people had been thugged. In addition to this catalogue of sad events, one man had been executed for murder, and about six hundred drowned by the sudden rise of some river. Well, thought I, when I have an opportunity of learning what this Mofussil means, I will not let it go by, and it will be my own fault if I ever go near it. There were doubtless many on board who could and would have enlightened me on this point, but a very foolish feeling of pride kept me from asking any questions. I preferred remaining in ignorance.

It is necessary for me here to state that I am not one of the favoured; in other words, I am not a member of either service, Civil or Military, and this may in some measure account for the fact, that although I have lived upwards of thirty years in the country, and been all the time, what in England would be called tolerably well to do in the world—I am still a bachelor. I cannot say I have never been in love during these long weary years, for even at this age, when the "sere and yellow leaf" shows not plainer to any than myself, I have a vivid recollection of that bright and beautiful being, —who cast me aside to "do better," and she did better, for she is married and happy with one in the service, which she might not have been with me. I am not in the service; I am one of that class merely tolerated in Indian society, admitted into it by courtesy, an act of gracious condescension. I have never outraged, by presuming to question the motives of those who admitted me within the magic circle, but by always endeavouring to persuade myself that it was my obliging disposition, rather than a feeling of loneliness on the part of those who first noticed me, that gained me a place at the tables of the great. I have been content to let the matter stand an open question.

My days in Calcutta were not many. Provided with introductory letters to several people of considerable standing in the mercantile community, I was soon thrown into that class of society known in those days as Merchant

Princes. During my stay I found them a most hospitable, gentlemanly set of men, and their style of living certainly warranted the application of the term, by which they have always been designated. This race is now nearly extinct; there may be a few still remaining alive at Cheltenham, but the larger portion sleep the long sleep of death at the end of Park Street. Peace be to their ashes!

I had been consigned to my uncle, the head of a house of high respectability, but it so happened, that when I arrived, the old gentleman was away, passing some native holidays (the Doorga Pooja they must have been) out of Calcutta; but I found every thing very comfortable, my room ready, and a letter from the old gentleman telling me to call for what I wanted,—to make myself quite at home, and he would return in about a week. From the date of the letter I discovered that the "week" had already gone by, and that I might expect him back every day, so I asked the Sircar, who spoke English, where my uncle had gone to?

"Masters gone to the Mofussil," he replied.

"The Mofussil," repeated I, mechanically, "the Mofussil. Is that far from Calcutta?"

"Yes, sar, very far, more than twenty coss."

"How large is this Mofussil," said I?

"Mofussil,——Mofussil, sar, begin where Calcutta leave off, and never eshtop till Allahabad come."

I began to smell a rat. "Mofussil means the country, any place out of Calcutta," said I, enquiringly, and half afraid to trust myself with a remark.

"Yes, sar," said my friend the Sircar. "Out of Calcutta is Mofussil."

So then, I had been reading of crimes and misdemeanors, accidents and offences, storms and the state of the crops, fancying them all connected with one unfavoured spot of ground in India, whilst considering the extent of ground included in the term Mofussil, the catalogue of crime was comparatively trifling.

It was not long before I became fully acquainted with the meaning of the word. My uncle returned, a little, sharp visaged man—

"My father's brother—but no more like my father—than I to Hercules."

But he was kind and liberal to me, and so I respected him. He soon told me that I was myself destined to be a denizen of the Mofussil: that he intended to send me to one of his Indigo factories in the Kishnaghur district, and that I might, in time, rise to eminence in that particular line of life in India. I went into the Mofussil, I plodded away at ploughing, harrowing, sowing, weeding, studying the weather, watching the rising river, cutting, measuring, steeping, beating, boiling, pressing and drying; varying the work occasionally by snipe-shooting and pig-sticking. I escaped with bare life from a severe attack of cholera. I had several fevers and one *coup de soleil*. I became manager of a set of factories, all, as it were, within a ring fence, albeit one hundred and fifty miles round. I rose to be part proprietor, had promise of a bumper season, if rain only fell: rain did not fall, and I had half a sea-

son, which only sufficed to pay the interest on borrowed capital. Another season, and a still more promising one, I made a large sum, but wanting more, and waiting for it, I lost what I had gained, and in this way I progressed in years, sometimes up in the world, sometimes down, until at last I lost all, and am again a servant and an old man. But this is not to the purpose.

The Mofussil, no longer strange to me, became my home, and I have during the last twenty years noted its gradual decline. I well remember the time when Alipore was considered the Mofussil, when Barrackpore and Serampore were decidedly so, and when I left Calcutta for Kishnagurh, it was considered necessary for me to be well-armed, as the river thieves were very daring, and did not hesitate to attack boats containing Europeans. Of late years the country below Allahabad has not been looked upon by North-Westers as the Mofussil. The march of intellect and the advance of science has done so much to lessen the distance between it and Calcutta. Later still beyond Kurnaul only was the Mofussil in the upper provinces; and it is but a few weeks ago I heard a Punjaub Irregular Cavalry man sneeringly say, that he did not consider any place on the Meerut side of Lahore a bit more in the Mofussil than Calcutta itself.

It is impossible to say where this improving state of things will end. Railways are in course of construction, and when the line of communication is completed, I suppose there will be no Mofussil at all! The changes in England, of which I hear and read, surpass all calculation. I have even heard that the old prophecy of Nixon, about travelling over the housetops, is verified. I may live to see it, and I long to do so; but there will be so many changes in the old country, that I shall never recognize it. One thing is certain, that I shall not be at all surprised at anything I see or hear, and if at some future day it should be my lot to travel back to India by rail, through Russia *viâ* Cashmeer, and do the distance from London to Lahore in twenty-four hours, I do not think I shall give vent to any expression of astonishment either at the speed attained, or at finding that during the whole journey, we have not passed through five miles of country deserving the name of Mofussil. Perchance a few years hence a spot of ground beyond the Himalaya mountains may be found to which the term may be applied; and should such be the case, it will afford an opportunity for those in power to provide for a friend, by making a new appointment: it will also enable some individual of a literary turn to write a work entitled—"*Adventures of a Gentleman in search of the Mofussil.*"

THE STORY UNCONCLUDED.

(Taken from the Spanish.)

In Cadiz, where I used to dwell,
Eight years ago—it may be nine—
There liv'd—but Inez, ere I tell
My story, prime me with some wine.

What have we here—Ha! Xerez, dry
And smooth as amber—from what skin?
You know not—well, no matter—try
One glass—now, dearest, I'll begin.

Eight years ago—it may be nine,—
For time flies fast, and as it passes,
Snows on our heads—this tipple's fine—
Here, boy, a brace of larger glasses.

Zounds! cheese and olives—why, my Inez,
You cater nobly, on my soul!
My love, another glass,—no shyness—
There's not a headache in a bowl.

Nine years ago then—I was young,
A wild colt then, and not as now,
Caught, bridled, saddled,—what has flung
That shadow, Inez, o'er your brow?

It is no love affair of mine,
No gallantry of former days—
Here, boy, another glass of wine—
Mine is, in truth, a tale to raise

Sorrow and wonder. A fair dame,
Named Leonara, to our city
To dwell in poverty and mourning, came,
Her face was one, which love and pity —

"No matter what her face?" No matter?
Well, certainly, 'twas nought to me—
Inez, you know I never flatter,—
A fairer face I ne'er shall see.

The hell of fiddlers is the fiddling
Of other fiddlers, as I've read,
All beauty but their own is—middling
Women oft *doubt* true white and red.

But I grow saucy, and my story
Lingers "Go on!" Upon my word!
If there's one thing in which I glory,
It's narrative—you're too absurd.

A zig-zag is your proper course;
With ins and outs, and turns and bendings;
Tales should, like rivers, from their source
Meander—Oh yes, they *have* endings.

But see, my bottle's growing lighter—
Detraction dogged her; if 'twas true
I know not—would the lamps shone brighter—
"One only!" Well, it shone like two.

"Had wine enough!" 'tis good for sleeping—
"Sleep like a dormouse?" "always?" I?
What *can* this be that's o'er me creeping?
"Sleep?" nonsense—now my Tale I'll try—

This lady oft was seen in tears,
Yet none could guess her cause for sorrow—
Past One!—can I believe my ears?—
My love, I'll tell the rest to-morrow.

TO A TOBACCONIST.

Thou poor Tobacconist, a weary lot
Methinks is thine; who from the foggy morn,
Almost to the appearing of the next day's dawn,
Watchest within thy parlour foul and hot,
Nor ever seest the cheerful garden plot,
Nor the kine grazing on the odorous lawn;
But breathest through discontented nostrils drawn;
The thickly steaming herb of old Nicot.
Oh! I would rather be a labourer,
To groan and sweat beneath the primal curse;
Than live in that small shop from year to year,
To feed on noxious vapours, and to hear
The empty coxcombs fruitlessly converse,
Till their brief intellects subside in beer.

H. G. K.

ON VEDANTISM; OR, THE RELIGION OF THE VEDANTA.

(Concluded from page 303.)

Each of the Veds, as is at present pretty well known, is divided into two parts, severally denominated the Sanhitas and the Brahmanas, or prayers and precepts. The Sanhitas are comprised of hymns, prayers and invocations addressed by the Moha Rishees to the elements, the sun, the moon, and the stars at random; and collectively compose the liturgical part of the scriptures. The Brahmanas, on the other hand, consist of precepts inculcating religious duties, and lectures directing religious observances; and form, according to Jaimini, a sort of supplement to the Sanhitas. Those parts of the Brahmanas which treat of Bruhmu are called the Upanishads. They are generally appendages to the preceptive sections, a few only existing in a separate form altogether, like strictures on the writ. And from these Upanishads, as we have seen already in the course of our examination, the Vedanta theology is derived. If the Upanishads, therefore, be admitted as part and parcel of the Veds, the system of Vyasa has undoubtedly a just title to the derivation it claims. But it has been objected that the Upanishads are not legitimate portions of the original Veds; and apart from other arguments, is urged the fact, that the peculiarities of their style and composition bear no resemblance to those of the more indubitable sections of the scriptures, which are all of them written in a more ancient, curious, and rugged dialect. It is also urged that the Upanishads do not themselves ever profess to be of divine origin as the Veds do, or any thing more than what they ostensibly are,—lectures addressed by certain preceptors to their pupils. The system deduced from them, therefore, cannot, from the mere circumstance of its having been so deduced, be admitted as the orthodox and original teaching of the Hindu scriptures. What trace have we in the earlier portions of the Veds of the theology which the Upanishads uphold? Have we none? The four following sentences occur in the Rig, Yajur, Sam and Atharvan Veds respectively: "This is Bruhmu," "I am Bruhmu," "That art thou," "The soul is Bruhmu." "Of him, whose glory is so great," says the white Yajur Ved, "there is no image. He it is who is celebrated in various holy strains. Even he is the God who pervades all regions. He is the first-born. It is he who is in the womb. He who is born: and he who will be produced; he severally and universally remains with all persons." And, further on, the text says, "In him this world is absorbed; and from him it issues; and in creatures he is twined and wove with various forms of existence." The Rig Ved, alluding to the creation of the world, also says, "Then there was no entity, nor nonentity; no world, nor sky, nor aught above it; nothing anywhere in the happiness of any one involving or involved. Death was not, nor then was immortality, nor distinction of day and night. But THAT (interpreted by the Vedanta

to mean the Supreme Being,) breathed without afflation, single with (*Swa'dha*) her who is sustained within him. Other than him nothing existed. Darkness there was, this universe was enveloped with darkness, and was undistinguishable like waters: but the mask which was covered by the husk was produced by the power of contemplation. First, desire was formed in his mind, and that became the original productive seed, which the wise, recognising by the intellect in their hearts, distinguish in nonentity as the bond of entity." All this is very vague and misty indeed, but a recognition of the Upanishads may, perhaps, still be traced in them.

What then; what do they prove? They prove only that Vedantism is founded on the Veds, but they do not prove that it is either the only, or the essential doctrine of those stupendous records. Its pretensions of being the "resolution," or essence of the Hindu scriptures, are by no means borne out. We have not the whole Veds now before us; but we doubt not, that, when the labours of our great Orientalists shall have put the world in possession of them, we shall still have reason to maintain that the religion of the Veds is a discordant religion, and that every line of them, as Mr. Colebroke has observed, is replete with allusions to mythology. Professor Wilson doubts "whether their authors entertained any belief in a Creator or Ruler of the universe," and says that it does not appear that they did so "from any passage hitherto met with." Well may he doubt, who at every new page meets with an invocation to a new deity, and finds at the end deities almost out-numbering their worshippers. One, struck with the beauty of the stars, has designated them the rulers of heaven and earth; another, astonished at the splendour of the sun, has named him a god; another has given that title to the moon for her many charms; another, surprised at the extent and beauty of the firmament, has addressed that as the deity; another, amazed at the resplendance of fire, has worshipped fire as God; and so likewise have air, water, and the spirits, received adoration. Some of the most ancient annotators are indeed of opinion, that all these numerous designations are resolvable into the different titles of three deities, fire, air and the sun, and those three names again resolvable into one. But even if this should be the case, what would it prove? Nothing but a misapplication of ingenuity on the part of those commentators themselves. The worship of the elements and the planets, as dependent powers, is no where denied; on the contrary, it is systematically, taught, and authoritatively enjoined. To what their names are reducible, in such a malleable language as the Sanskrit, is of no importance to the question. In the plainest manner the reader is directed to address his prayers to Indra, Agni, Yama, Varuna, Rudra, Soma and others, and this is a sufficient recognition of idolatry to substantiate the fact, that deism is not *the* religion of the Hindu scriptures. The mere admission of there being a superior God over them all, into whose names their names are resolvable, does not wipe away the charge of polytheism; nor can it

reconcile the system with sound theology.

As the Vedanta has been derived from the Veds, even so have all the doctrines which obtain, or have obtained in the country, been educed. One portion of the Veds is always contradicting another, and its sacred precepts are so various in their nature, and admit of such a variety of interpretation, that we read that there were at one time no less than eleven hundred schools of scriptural knowledge in India, each interpreting the sybilline texts according to its bent. The Veds are nothing but an extensive collection of various sorts and fragments of belief, attempted to be collated and harmonised into one uniform system by their Brahmanas and their Upanishad. But an effort to reduce so much incongruous matter into one consistent theory, though it brought into play the greatest talents, could of course never fully succeed, and hence contradictions stare us in the face at every step. The Hindu philosophers took advantage of this. Though widely differing from each other in their views of religion, we find them one and all placing themselves under the protection of the Veds, each believing himself to be nearer the truth than his neighbour, each contending that his system was the only fundamental teaching of those primordial scriptures. An assumption of this nature on the part of its advocates appears to us to be the only basis of the pretensions of the Vedanta to an exclusiveness in importance and authority.

But, though it cannot be admitted that the Vedanta is the only or essential religion of the Veds, it cannot either be denied that it is the best of all beliefs propounded in them, and hence, even from the remotest antiquity, it has always counted the greatest philosophers in its train. That its hold on the human heart has never been characterized by any extraordinary degree of adhesiveness, is indeed true, for frequent relapses into idolatry form one of the most notable features in the history of its development. But if these general defections from the faith were so frequent, the revivals of it appear to have been equally oft recurring, and advocates seem never to have been wanting to rally round its decaying energies, and recal attention to its aspiring principles either in tones of gentle expostulation, or indignant severity. Even in the present age, when the resuscitation of such a creed was most unexpected, champions have boldy come forward to revive it, openly and avowedly preferring it to Christianity, which has been incessantly offered for their acceptance.

In the year 1828, the Bruhmu Subha of Calcutta was established by the late Rajah Rammohun Roy, for prosecuting the study of the Vedanta religion, and aiding its promulgation; and again, when it began to languish after his death, the Tuttobodhini Subha sprang into existence, organized "by a select party of ten friends," to answer the same end. The coalition of the two Subhas was the next step, and, since then, "not a single day passes," we are told, "without adding to the ranks of the supporters of the cause," and "the demand for religious instruction" has become so "extensive," that the tracts and books of the Society are

more eagerly sought for than they can be supplied, and "the meetings of the Bruhmu *Sumajare* are attended by overflowing congregations." To meet this spirit of enquiry there is a monthly newspaper (the *Putrika*) to disseminate the doctrines upheld by the society, and *Sumages* likewise have been founded in many of the Mofussil out-stations in Bengal, on the same principle as the *Sumaj* in Calcutta. And lastly, we are told that the muster-roll of the Subha counts a goodly array of bright names, "the names of influential, and respectable, and *talented* persons." To a minute and over-curious enquirer it may, perhaps, appear that many out of these names, however speculatively refined may be the men, are with much greater justice, reckoned by the knowing priesthood among the most stubborn supporters of popular polytheism! But this of course is attributable only to the irreligious nature of the age, and, making ample allowance for every such defection, it may still be maintained that Vedantism is making rapid progress under the management of its present conclave.

But is the doctrine now promulgated with such success, and under such happy auspices, identical with the Vedanta of Vyasa? This is worth enquiring into. The general notion is, that the system has been altogether recast and remodelled by its modern admirers—so much so, that people doubt if, as at present current, it be entitled to the same name. The Bruhmu Subha unhesitatingly discards the philosophy of Vyasa as "totally unconnected with its principles of belief," and, conferring the name of the Vedanta only and exclusively on the Upanishad, as the terminating sections of the scriptures, throws his analysis of scriptural theology, otherwise called "the resolution of the Veds," and heretofore so much in repute as "the best and most revered guide" in religion—at once overboard, perhaps as too antiquated and unsound to suit the intellect of the rising generation. It rejects altogether the aid of philosophy in matters of religion, and affecting to trust implicitly in the revelation of the Veds, appeals to them, and them alone, as the only authority of its creed. But though divested of its religious authority, the Vedanta of Vyasa still remains a living testimony of what Vedantism was in the good old days of yore. The doctrines and dogmas laid down by the compiler of the Veds, were the doctrines and dogmas in vogue with all the earlier Vedantists, undeniably so—slight differences excepted, up to the age of Sadananda, if not to a later period. What then? The Bruhmu Subha is not bound to follow in their heels. It becomes, however, necessary, if it has swerved from the beaten track, first to examine the extent of its departure, then to exhibit its peculiar doctrines, and finally to determine on what foundations they rest.

The Vedanta declares the Supreme Ruler to be destitute of qualities, the possession of qualities being considered irreconcilable with perfection. It allows him those physical attributes only which are indispensible to a first cause, but no other attributes at all. It is true, indeed, it says, that the Veds speak of him in diverse places as endued with every quality and particular character,

but in many more they represent him as without form or quality, and "the latter only is truly applicable, not the former, nor yet both." The Bruhmu Subha, on the contrary, maintains that God possesses all qualities, those only excepted which vacillate, and change, and perish. To dress him with these would be, it says, "to liken the atom of a day to the everlasting." Alas! it forgets that no religion on the face of the earth likens the Creator with his creatures oftener and more explicitly than the Vedanta! All spirit, says the Vedanta, is homogeneous, and the spirit of God is the same in kind, though not equal in degree, to that of man. "The whole meaning of the Vedanta is comprised," says Sadananda, "in this, that Bruhmu and individuated spirits are one." But the Bruhmu Subha discards these dogmas as comprising no parts of its belief. Though Vyasa clearly lays down in his Sutras, that "all life is Bruhmu," and in the Gita makes Krishna tell Arjun, "thou and the princes of the earth never were not," our modern Vedantists maintain that the human spirit is altogether distinct from the divine spirit, and not like it, uncreate; and this all the while admitting that the school of Vyasa "support their opinion by several citations from the Veds!" The Bruhmu Subha denies that a knowledge of God transforms a man into sameness with the Deity, and that the highest object of religious meditation is to discover that the worshipper himself is identical with Bruhmu. But Vyasa and his followers maintained both these beliefs. "Perform the appointed ceremonies for subduing the passions, listen to discourses on the divine nature, fix the mind unwaveringly on God, purify the body by incantations and other ceremonies, and persuade thyself that thou and the Deity are one." The human spirit is distinct from God, according to orthodox Vedantism, only so long as man in his blindness entertains an idea of self-individuality. But, as soon as he acquires intelligence enough to divest himself of this idea, he at once becomes identified with God. "As pure water dropped into the limpid lake is such as that is," so is the soul of him who has attained the perfection of divine knowledge, the same with Bruhmu. "Let it be known," says Sancaracharjya, in commenting on one of the texts of the Swetaswatara Upanishad, "that all is the Supreme soul, and soul-less *maya* ceases. Let the intimate conviction be acquired that I am Bruhmu, and the knowledge of the divine nature of the soul be obtained, and *maya* will cease." The Bruhmu Subha repudiates the idea that God is unencumbered with the cares of empire, or sits aloof in a state of profound abstraction and uninterrupted repose; and maintains that Bruhmu is eternally awake and ever watchful, and "is assigning to all his creatures their respective purposes," and that by his "inscrutable providence" all "things are tending to ultimate and universal welfare." And yet it seems to have been the general belief of the earlier Vedantists, that God is eternally asleep, or in such a state as to be unconnected with the cares of the world; and Suta alludes to it in the Suta Upanishad, when explaining to the sages that the universe was produced by *maya:*

he says, "God being like one asleep." Beyond the simple act of having desired to become many, God never appears in the Vedanta in an active character. The Bruhmu Subha states that "divine worship consists in the contemplation of the moral and natural attributes of our Creator, and in the practice of virtue." But the "practice of virtue," according to the Vedanta, forms no part of the worship of God, and stands so far in the way of salvation, that if a man should even acquire the knowledge of God, who had previously been in the habit of acting virtuously, he cannot obtain emancipation till the effect of his works is worn out; that is, till he has enjoyed the rewards of his virtuous actions, for "the arrow which has been shot completes its flight, nor falls till its speed is spent; and the potter's wheel, once set in motion, whirls till the velocity which has been communicated to it is exhausted." Vice and virtue, the Vedanta recognises alike among the illusions of *maya*; and salvation is held out only to him who has "torn asunder all the bonds of delusion." "Knowledge of God which leads to absorption," says the Cutho Upanishad, "is one thing, and works which have only fruition for their object another." It is not necessary, for the Vedantist, (believes the Bruhmu Subha) to lead a life of inactivity and apathy, or to sacrifice his social affections in seeking a knowledge of God; but the doctrines upheld by Vyasa and his disciples require a total renunciation and forgetfulness of the world as imperatively necessary to the attainment of beatitude; for, says the text, "liberation is to be obtained only by divine wisdom, which however cannot exist in the mind without wholly extinguishing all consciousness of outward things by meditation on the one Bruhmu." The Bruhmu Subha maintains, that "repentance and the earnest endeavour to avoid similar transgressions, are the only ways of expiating evil deeds;" but the Vedanta does not seem at all to recognise repentance as of any utility The man who practices evil deeds must as surely pass through a loathsome metempsychosis, as he who performs good works will pass through a happy transmigration, unless he performs religious austerities and atonements, (which have very little affinity with "repentance, and the earnest endeavour to avoid similar transgressions,") to annul his crimes; or good works to cancel them, on the same principle as debts are re-paid by obligations. In alluding to the duties we owe to ourselves, the Bruhmu Subha mentions, that "our appetites and passions" should be held "under due restraint and control," and "the better class of affections" kept in proper exercise; but the Vedanta, on the contrary, maintains that they should all be annihilated and extirpated by him who wishes for liberation. Finally, the Bruhmu Subha maintains that God created the world out of nothing, but none of the earlier Vedantists ever disputed the correctness of the dogma that "nothing can come out of nothing." Matter they all believed was but an illusory modification of spirit—of the "one without a second."

The peculiar doctrines of the Bruhmu Subha may, therefore,

be thus summed up. It believes in the existence of a Supreme Ruler, hedged with superlative and infinite attributes. It believes that he is altogether distinct from other existences, and not essentially the same with any of them. It believes that no knowledge, however vast, no rectitude, however great, can transform a human spirit into *sameness* with the Deity. Such knowledge and such virtue being competent only to elevate him to a state of supreme felicity resembling that of the Creator. It recognises God in the light of a provident father, ever watchful, and so regulating the whole creation by inscrutable means, as to make every thing tend to ultimate and universal welfare." And his worship is stated to consist in devout contemplation, and the practice of "active virtues." Repentance is also pointed out to sinners as a sufficient expiation for crime, and directions are given to all, to purify their passions and inclinations, instead of annihilating them for ever.

This short summary, if we have herein depicted the belief of the Bruhmu Subha aright, contains, we believe, the sum total of its departure from the faith of the earlier Vedantists; and it cannot be denied, that, by this deviation, it has materially improved the original creed. But the foundations on which the improvements made by it rest are of course unsound. Most of the doctrines appear to have been borrowed from Christianity. But the Bruhmu Subha dares not acknowledge the theft; and its appeals to the Upanishads for support, are, at the same time, not zealously responded to. A few detached texts are all the Upanishads can afford, to apologise for such glaring innovations; and they are, for the most part, very imbecile friends. The possession of infinite attributes and superlative qualities by Bruhmu is, for instance, vindicated by such texts as "He who is truth, intelligence and infinity, is Bruhmu;" and "He, by whom the birth, existence and annihilation of the world are regulated, is the Supreme Being." His distinctness from other existences, or, rather, from the human spirit, is also attempted to be proved by such texts as "two birds, friends and co-habitants, reside unitedly in one tree, &c." and "human spirit is not God." And his watchfulness and providence, again, are vindicated by the text, "that being, who, while all creation sleeps, is ever watchful, and who dispenses to all creatures the diversified objects of desire, is incomparably pure, and the greatest of beings." And so on of the rest. But these are isolated passages only; and, further, not all of them to the point, nor sufficiently clear and decisive in their verdict to ignore the authority of those numerous texts, which uphold the orthodox notions, that Bruhmu is destitute of qualities, homogeneous in spirit with other beings, apathetic in nature, destitute of passions, &c. Not passages taken out at random, but the spirit and drift of the whole Upanishads, support the dogmas entertained by Vyasa and his followers; and texts which appear to sustain contrary notions, can only be regarded as contradictory statements of little or no validity. It must also be remembered, that the Bruhmu Subha interprets all doubtful texts with the help of

modern philosophy, thus frequently giving to them different constructions than Vyasa or Sancaracharjya, in their ages of limited knowledge, had the power to conceive, or the courage to adopt. Points which never struck them as important, or were left in the shade as unorthodox, according to the notions of their times, are now prominently held up; while those on which they principally confided, are often wholly set aside as too futile for an age like the present. On the one hand the Subha allots undue importance to certain isolated texts and passages which favor its views of the subject, and, on the other, it glosses over the rest in a manner the best calculated to accord with its design. Its appeal to the Veds is after all but a mere cloak of orthodoxy, and it is pretty plain that "the select party of ten friends," who organised the society in 1839, did so with preformed notions on religion imbibed from other sources than those venerated by their Rishees; and that, actuated by an excusable partiality for home-spun manufacture, they have since then exercised their efforts only to reconcile, by every means in their power, and every sort of interpretation they could hazard, by selecting, rejecting, and remodelling their texts, the Shastras of their country, with their pre-formed notions. The enlightened youths of the age, who have since rallied round the standard of the Bruhmu Subha, and augmented its numerical strength from ten to some hundreds, appear likewise to have done so from mistaken feelings of patriotism; identifying the doctrines upheld by that society with the proved reminiscences of Hindu glory, and anxious to set up a plausible rival to Christianity.

But the rival thus set up to Christianity has many drawbacks to acceptance which do not seem to have been well weighed by its enthusiastic admirers. We do not urge these now, under any impression of being able to reclaim any of them from their belief; but, as our colleges and schools are daily giving out fresh sets of reformers to the country, we are anxious that these, having eyes, should see, and having ears, should hear. It is not our purpose here to preach Christianity to them; we leave that responsible task to the ministers of the Gospel. But we have a few words to speak against the Vedanta, and we would fain deliver them at once, and have done.

The Bruhmu Subha believes in the revelation of the Veds, and so did the earlier Vedantists. But surely that revelation has not yet been proved. There are no data even to fix the age of the Hindu scriptures, nor any collateral testimony to show to whom, when, and where they were revealed. The tradition respecting their divine birth, which is immemorially current in the country, has been urged by the Bruhmu Subha in place of historical evidence, on the plea that in all countries, immemorial tradition is the foundation of ancient history. True indeed. But, in the first place, it is not every tradition that is so taken up at hap-hazard to supply the place of authentic narrative; and the Bruhmu Subha should remember, that the authority to which it appeals, as commemorating the divine parentage of the Veds, records likewise, as

facts, divers other things of such wild and extravagant character, as no man in the exercise of reason and common sense may admit, as for instance, the existence of mountains of solid gold and silver, and of seas of liquid amber, of clarified butter, milk, curds, and the intoxicating liquors! In the second place it must be remembered, that this same tradition, thus appealed to, attributes the paternity of the Veds to Bruhmu himself, mentioning that they issued direct and entire out of his mouth; while the Veds themselves, on the contrary, in many places bear positive evidence that they are the works of human hands. Thus, for instance, the Sanhitas profess only to be a collection of hymns and prayers, addressed to different gods by different Rishees named therein, each in his respective prayer. Immemorial tradition also declares the writ to be coeval with the creation, and eternal; but the proof of their human origin just cited, shows also that the prayers must have been subsequent to the birth of the Rishees who composed them, and not the Rishees subsequent to the age of the prayers. Names of other philosophers and theologians also occur in them, and several persons of royal birth are likewise mentioned, whose names occur in the mythic history of India. The Bruhmu Subha, as a set off to this argument, maintains, that by calling the Veds eternal, it is only meant that they record eternal truths, and by urging that they are revelations, simply that they were written by inspiration. It then at once appeals to the Veds themselves as bearing the best internal evidence of their divine character, and refers us to "the drift and tendency, the reasonableness and cogency of the doctrines taught in them." So indeed do the Muhammadans refer their adversaries to the intrinsic merits of the Koran, mistaking its unmeaning rhapsodies for the dicta of heaven. If the principles of morality inculcated in the Veds had been invariably sound, if the theology therein laid down had been consistent and correct, we might have been disposed to attach great weight to a reference to those scriptures themselves, and might have even considered the want of historic proof amply compensated for, in their case, by their moral excellence; although, as a general rule, it would be madness to admit that either cogency of doctrine, or beauty of style, is any proof of the divine paternity of a book. But pure, unadulterated theology, occupies but a limited place in the Veds. It is only to be occasionally met with in the Upanishads, and they, far from being the principal portion of the Veds, as some have contended, are suspected, on strong presumption, to be additional works tacked up with the original scriptures, long after the era when the Sanhitas had birth. The worship inculcated by the Sanhitas was altogether without a system. It had only the poetry of religion without its philosophy, and the best scholars are unanimous in opinion, that the philosophical and preceptive parts of the scriptures are supplementary to the mythological portions. "The prayers," says Mr. Colebrooke, "are properly the Veds, and apparently preceded the Brahmanas;" which owed their origin most probably to some great master-minds, the lights of

those dark ages, who, attempted by them, and more especially by means of the Upanishads appended to them, to harmonize the more primitive, foolish and inconsistent doctrines, as much as they could be harmonized, with common sense. If the Upanishads had existed alone, we might have been tempted to admit what the Bruhmu Subha claims for the whole Veds, that they record the eternal truths of religion ; with this proviso, that our belief would still be, that the truths so contained were but fragmental, mutilated and garbled, and worked up with error—much of good mixed with more of nonsense and folly ; but as the Veds now stand, a large, heterogeneous mass, of which one part will not bear to be reconciled with another, in which one section is replete with high-sounding prayers and invocations to the heavenly host, another with prescriptions of childish rites and sacrifices, another with incantations for averting danger, and procuring the destruction of enemies, and another with recipes for the adoration of that God who is declared to be one without a second, bearing no form, and having no qualities, as the Veds now stand, it is impossible for any rational man, calm, dispassionate and unprejudiced, to read in their intrinsic merits any proofs of revelation or sacred inspiration. As a whole they are utterly worthless ; nor can we judge of them by parts, without breaking down their pretensions.

There are, besides, other difficulties in the way of receiving Vedantism as a divine revelation; for instance, its errors in physiology. Of nourishment, it says, "corn and other terrene food become flesh ; but the coarser particles are rejected, and the finer nourish the mind. Water is converted into blood, the coarser particles are rejected, and the finer support the breath. Oil, and other combustible substances deemed igneous, become marrow, the coarser particles form the bone, and the finer supply the faculty of speech." Witness also its errors in natural philosophy. "The sun is born of fire," "The moon is born of the sun,"* "Rain comes from the moon," "Lightning comes of rain." And again, "the liberated soul passes along a sun-beam from the moon to the head, through various regions, to the sun, thence to the moon, from the moon to the region of lightning—from the region of lightning to the realm of Varuna (the region of the rain-cloud,)—thence to the realm of Indra, and from thence to the abode of Prajaputi." Passages recording notions equally false, puerile and absurd respecting geography and astronomy, can also be referred to. Will not a recognition of the revelation of the Veds, under such circumstances, be tantamount to accusing the Deity of such ignorance, as even a school-boy of the age would be ashamed of ? Or must we adopt the inconsistent alternative, that the religious precepts of the Veds are divine—their scientific problems false ?

Its sufference of idolatry is another insuperable objection to the Vedanta religion, in any of its phases, being adopted as a re-

* Opposed to this text, again, is that which says "Prajaputi gave his daughter Surya Sivitie to Soma the King."

velation. We have admitted ere now that the Upanishads do assert and vindicate the existence of one great universal self-existent God, and that they speak of his physical attributes with profound admiration, and thrilling eloquence. But is this glowing admission of monotheism a sufficient counterpoise for the idolatry they simultaneously inculcate? Are clashing claims of other gods, however dependent they may be, reconcileable with those of a Supreme Creator? Idolatry is false, says the Vedanta, but yet necessary for those unfortunate men who are incapable of elevating their minds to sublimer doctrines. The worship of the celestial gods has been inculcated only for the sake of the vulgar, that they may not be altogether destitute of religious principles. But inculcated by whom?—not by men. Oh no! It has the same paternity as the Vedanta itself; it has a place in the Veds!—it comes directly from God! One may well be surprised that God should thus be represented as recognising an aristocracy in religion, prescribing one faith for the wise man, and another for the ignorant, and these too the while diametrically opposed to each other. The Bruhmu Subha says, " The ways of the Creator are the ways of simplicity," and " the mercy of God is as surely universal as that he is the father of all creatures." Why then does it believe that this God, so merciful, and whose ways are so simple, should reveal a religion so metaphysical as to be above the comprehension of ordinary minds, and be thus compelled to frame another for the vulgar, and that other, a tissue of lies and errors? Are we to suppose that God was incapable of propounding a doctrine plain enough at once to the humblest and the highest conception? A tissue of lies and errors for the ignorant, and God the author of it! The defenders of Vedantism contend, that idolatry is only enjoined as something like a concession to the wants, and not as a prescription for the beatitude of the multitude. But the pure God is assuredly not capable of making even a concession of such sort, and of promulgating falsehood even for furthering the cause of truth. It also deserves to be noticed, that in the Upanishads themselves, it is maintained that the knowledge of God can be acquired but by few, for its attainment is as difficult as a passage over the sharp edge of a razor. "A few amongst ten thousand mortals," says also the Gita, "strive for perfection, and but a few of those who strive and become perfect know me according to my nature." Is it possible that for such a select few of philosophers, God, the supreme maker of the whole universe, the father of all his creatures, should have committed the great mass of mankind to the mercy of a multifarious polytheism? As for idolatry serving to prepare men's minds for those trains of thought which lead to religion and morality, or, as the Bruhmu Subha so happily expresses it, as "a ladder to rise by degrees to the worship of the light of lights," it is just as possible, we suppose, as for dissipation and excess to restore an exhausted constitution to its pristine vigor and health. How, by what steps, can a man come to the idea of a God just in his laws, wise in his purposes, and benevolent in his dispensations, by think-

ing of him as an incestuous being and an adulterer? By what steps can a man form a correct notion even of the Vedantist's Bruhmu, by the worship, for instance, of Yama, who, in the Rig Ved, is mentioned as endeavouring to seduce his twin-sister Yamuna, and is only deterred from fulfilling his incestuous inclinations by her earnest expostulations; or by the worship of Indra, who is everywhere mentioned as keeping a zenana after the fashion of Oriental sovereigns? It is the very nature of idolatry to degrade and debase the human mind, and it is altogether impossible that God should have ever so far forgotten his own benevolent nature as to have enjoined it to any portion of his creatures, however obtuse might have been their intellect, and however diseased their minds. The alliance of Vedantism with idolatry, therefore, so far as it does exist, is in itself sufficient to disprove all its pretensions to a divine origin. It strikes at once at the root, for it annihilates the authority of the Veds.

PLACE THY TRUST IN GOD.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

SINCE, our days are full of aching,
Full of trouble, grief, and fear:
Since we see around us breaking,
All the ties that bind us here;

Since our forefathers have perished,
Treading where we too must tread:
Since our children, loved and cherished,
Sleep before us with the dead;

Since we hasten to Earth's bosom,
Drenched already with our tears:
Since in dust are root and blossom,
And alone the stem appears;

Since the loved and lost are calling,
With one voice, to us aloud:
Since, o'er each fond memory falling,
Vapours all the past enshroud;

Since, when most our laughter rife is,
Most o'erflows our sense of pain:
Since a hollow cup our life is,
Which we cannot fill, nor drain;

Since, as we go on advancing,
Darker still the shadows grow :
Since the Future's false romancing
Can cajole no longer now ;

Since the dial in its sounding,
Holds no hope of brighter change :
Since the forms, our path surrounding,
Unfamiliar are, and strange ;

Place thy trust in God ! Confiding
Not in transient bliss below :—
'Neath these waves no pearls are hiding,—
Not by this track shalt thou go !

Seaward come, some night, when o'er us,
Neither moon, nor planets, shine :—
Dark as yon Heaven is Death before us,
Life as bitter as the brine !

Ne'er hath been to human eye lent
Sight, the Future's gloom to break ;
God hath charged it to be silent,
Till the day all things shall speak.

Men have tried, but fathomed never
That far-rolling, shoreless Sea,—
Mortal eyes, with vain endeavour,
Striven to scan Immensity !

As for thee, oh lonely-hearted !
Sad young mourner o'er the past !—
Weep not idly hopes departed,
Only pray for peace at last !

Go ! while other bright ones hover
Round thee, raise those haunting eyes
From the Earth our tomb-stones cover
To our Spirit-home — the skies !

B.

LINDENSTOWE.

A TALE.

> " Serene will be our days, and bright,
> And happy will our nature be,
> When love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security."
>
> Wordsworth.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Dan Hesiod, in the commencement of his " Works and Days," tells us that on earth there are Two Strifes going on evermore. The first is that evil strife, alas! for humanity, not yet out of fashion; that old, foolish, hateful strife—War. The second is the strife of industry, the bustle, the energy, the struggle of competition. Truly may London be called the city of the second strife. Go forth into her streets, those arteries through which the thick torrent of her life is ceaselessly rushing; look not indeed for proud dome, for rich facade, or lofty colonnade, nor yet for twisted chimney, quaint gable, or picturesque lattice; listen not for the pleasant sound of falling waters, or for the breeze rustling through lime avenues, and bearing with it the faint tones of music and song; but regard you the titanic configurations of industrial brick; contemplate the mighty masses as they throng by you, look at the troubled foreheads (for industry is a *strife*): see how the million struggles for money, for reputation, for life: listen to the solemn murmurs, for what streets send forth in such degree?

> Les bruits majestueux qui roulent
> Du sein orageux des cités.
>
> Lamartine.

And you must acknowledge with Dr. Arnold, that there is a sublimity in London, like that of the mountains and the sea. Into this city of the second strife we must penetrate, for my scene is laid there, in the parlour of a public house, in a principal street of the far East. Immediately opposite was a large Theatre, whose doors however were now closed, for it was half-past eleven at night, and the performance was over. The floor of the little room was sanded and plentifully studded with spittoons. Affixed to the walls were various cards, announcing " Inimitable Ginger Beer," " Best bottled Ale," " British Brandy," and the like. On a side table stood a red tin rack for clay pipes, and a brass box which could not be opened unless a penny was forced into one of its compartments through a little slide, but which, when opened, was found to contain shag tobacco. At a round table in the middle of the room a group of six were discussing Welsh rare-bits with considerable relish.

There was a well made young man, and a stout, middle-aged man, a bow-legged gentleman, and a youth about seventeen, with red hair. These four had pale unhealthy complexions; they none

of them allowed any hair to grow on their faces, and the bow-legged gentleman in consequence, having an exceedingly stiff beard, presented the appearance of blue cheeks and chin. They were shabbily but jauntily dressed, white seams contrasting with velvet trimmings, and dirty shirt-fronts with exceedingly splendid, if not valuable, studs. The fifth of the party was short and lame; he had a great deal of hair, and turn down collars. His countenance was striking; the forehead was high, and the eyes bright and dark, but his expression was haggard and troubled; and he looked ill and unhappy. The sixth Welsh rare-bit eater was Alban Hescott.

"Douglas, my boy," observed the stout middle-aged man to the tall young one, "you were at your petty larcenies again to-night; have I not told you a thousand times, when I play the Admiral, give me plenty of elbow room; don't answer me sharp; let me have a pause? expectation is then raised in the audience, and when I bring in the nautical "damn"—why gad, sir, it *must* take, because it's a stroke of nature developed by art. I'd sooner have that word, sir, than half the hits in the part. It's what I call 'fat.'"

Mr. Douglas, who was rather a testy young gentleman, replied, "You may have as much room as you like; I don't want to hurry you: how was I to know about your 'damn?'

"Bannister Douglas," said the other, "to make things comfortable in social life, I have habituated myself to never contradicting any one, but you *did* know about my damn."

"There's more certain information probably," interposed the little lame man, "about your dam than your sire." Mr. Collins (such was the stout gentleman's name) being himself a wag, turned round upon the last speaker on hearing this, and striking his thumb-nails together in applause, said "Good! Gascoigne, my boy, I owe you one for that."

The reader will not require to be told that some of the company were members of the dramatic profession. They were employed at the Royal British over the way. Mr. Bannister Douglas was the walking gentleman, Mr. Collins played old men, with a very choleric voice, and a walking stick: the bow-legged man, by profession a clown, was now engaged in the eccentric line of business; whilst the red-haired youth was invaluable in rustic servants, impertinent ostlers, obfuscated waiters, and representations of a similar nature. The lame man was Gascoigne; he had no Christian name, or at least never used it; he was a playwright attached to the Theatre, and was thoroughly up in blue fire, daggers, demons, encounters, escapes, ruffians, robbers, and thunder and lightning. Still though employed on such meretricious material, he was not without much ingenuity, and occasionally a bright, almost a beautiful thought would flash amongst his trumpery and tinsel. Rare-bits were now over, and spirits and smoking had commenced, when in came mine host, the landlord, a very stout person, with light hair and soft blue eyes, and of extremely stolid deportment. As he was a noted vocalist, he was immediately called upon for a

song: a requisition to which he appeared to pay no attention whatever, but sat down quietly, smoking his pipe, without speaking to, or even looking at, any one. Suddenly, however, after an unusually prolonged whiff, he burst out into a strain, the words of which were something as follows:—

COLE* OF COLCHESTER.

Oh those were the days to live in then,
When the good King Cole was King of men;
He wrote on his pennies "Ubique Pax,"
And he never laid on an income tax.

Oh! those were, etc.

Says the King of France, "Will you fight, Sir Cole?"
"No," said he, "that I wont, 'pon my soul;
It's all very well for the Knights in steel,
But plaguy fun for the common weal."

Oh! those were, etc.

"But I'll drink," quoth Cole, "for better far
Is a bout of wine, than a bout of war,
So have with you, lad, and, by-the-bye,
Wilt smoke a pipe of my new bird's-eye?"

Oh! those were, etc.

Then they put their sceptres behind the door,
And they rolled their orbs along the floor,
And they hung their crowns on the royal hat pegs,
And sat themselves down with folded legs.

Oh! those were, etc.

And a merry bout they had that night;
But the King of France, his head grew light,
So whilst 'neath the table he takes repose,
Cole, with a burnt cork, clouds his nose.

Oh! those were, etc.

Each time that the chorus came round, mine host put his pipe into his mouth again, and left his audience to get through that portion of the song by themselves. Not a muscle changed in his florid face, nor a twinkle shook his Saxon eye when he was not actually engaged in singing himself, and at the end he neither smiled, nor in any way acknowledged the applause.

* I do not insist upon the historical character of this monarch: he may however perhaps be safely placed in the same category with King Lud and others. Of Lud, an ancient writer (John Harding, armiger) saith, "Lud, King of Britain, builded from London stone to Lud gate, and called that part Lud's town; and after by process, was called London, by turning of tongues." Thus easily does theory supply itself with facts. But Ludgate means the "Gate of the People," from the Saxon "Leod," which the writer of "Ariana Hodierna" will have no difficulty in identifying with our Indian word "log," or with the Greek *leôs*.

The hum of conversation rose again, but was presently interrupted by the loud enunciation of the single word "Buffin," by which it was known that the landlord had called upon the bow-legged gentleman, who answered to that name, for a song. Mr. Buffin of course acquiesced, and offered a comic performance, which, as it purported to be the monologue of a person suffering from a severe cold, was embellished with much sneezing, snuffling, coughing, and other symptoms of catarrh. The refrain of the song was—"No, but I didn't," and when this was pronounced, "No—but I did'lth" the satisfaction was general. It then remained for the red-haired youth to favor the company with a Virginian melody; and as it would require a musical critic of greater powers than the present writer possesses, to give an outline of, or in any way describe a composition of that sort, suffice it to say for the words, that they alluded in some way to a Racoon, and that the chorus was as follows :—

"Clear the kitchen, old folk, young folk
Clear the kitchen, old folk, young folk,
Old Virginny never tire."

For the tune, it was one of those many pretty airs which have emigrated across seas from Scotland and Ireland, and got allied in some wild place, to the grotesque humour of the New World.

After this, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Collins and the youth, went out, the landlord also silently disappeared, and Hescott and Gascoigne were left alone, with the exception of the clown, who had gone to sleep in his seat, (after his cold,) and whose head was rolling about over the back of the chair as if it was loose.

"Hescott," said the little man, "you have often promised to tell me the story of your shipwreck, and so on. I believe you've got some very strange tales, and they might give me a hint, you know, for the Theatre."

"The tales are strange enough, certainly," replied Alban, "and I will tell you them, if you like ; but let us see; how much do you know already !"

"I know you were on your way to America, and the ship caught fire ; that's all."

"Well," continued Hescott, "it was a beautiful evening, about sunset, and we hoped to be in port in a day or two, but the wind was very slack, and the voyage altogether had been a slow one. I was sitting aft, near the man at the wheel, reading a book, when suddenly a loud shout made me look forward: there I saw the steward rush up from a hatchway, on deck, and running in a mad way to the side, jump right over into the sea. He was a sad drunken dog, and I supposed for a moment he was taken with frenzy. Immediately after, however, there was a cry of "Fire ! fire !" and blueish flames burst out of the hatchway where the steward had come up. A peculiar smell also was perceptible, that gave you a suffocating feeling. "God in heaven!" said the steersman, "it's the spirits." There was the greatest tumult on deck: in utter bewilder-

ment I sat still. Two lads, white with fear, ran up near me, and lowering a boat, were getting over into it, when I jumped up, and joined them. I cannot tell now, why I did this; it was partly confusion, partly from some vague notion that these lads were obeying orders, and that I could help them. The sea was very calm, but there was a strong current, and in a moment we fell off some way from the ship.

"'Look here, Bill,' said one of the lads to the other, pointing into the boat, 'here's a pretty business.' The other looked for an instant, and they then both jumped overboard, and swam back towards the ship. For a second I could not think what they were doing, but it was only for a second. There was nothing in the boat; no oars, no rudder, no anything. I threw off my coat and hat, and was just preparing to follow the example of the boys, when I heard a thick voice calling for help. It was the unhappy steward. He was a wretched swimmer, and could make no head against the current. As I had no command over the boat, the efforts were all on his part, still I remained to help him, if he could manage to let himself go with the current, and use his remaining strength only to direct himself. But he was fuddled and exhausted, and could manage nothing, and I saw his great red face, poor wretch, go quietly under the water in a very short time. I think I saw his hand come up a minute or two after—one hand—but I am not sure. There was no use jumping overboard now; the ship was too far off, and with such a current, I should have been drowned to a certainty. I sat down in despair. I remembered having stood and watched the carpenter in the morning painting up this very boat, and moving everything out of it for the purpose. The sun set: the gloom of the evening came over the sea. Far away against the sky, the "Nautilus" blazed up in vast spires of flame. I could hear the roaring and crackling still; at length came an explosion, and the great heap of fire fell suddenly away to a glowing line above the waters, and soon that too disappeared. I've lived with loose fellows you know, Gascoyne, and led a rackety sort of a life, drink and all that, but I am not so far gone as not to know what a night on the sea alone with one's God is. I do not want to be sentimental, and that sort of thing, but I shall never forget it as long as I live! I felt quite calm, just like what a person feels when he is getting better from a bad illness; but still I sat staring awake the whole night, without any intimation of sleep or fatigue. And I think in one posture; for I remember when I did move that I was perfectly stiff and numbed. Shortly after daybreak a ship hove in sight; I stood up and waved my hat; they saw the signal, lay to, and sent out a boat, which took mine in tow, and so I was saved. I shall remember the next two days till I die, what a terror I was in at thinking of my escape! I could speak of nothing else, and I dreamt of it all night. The ship was an American whaler bound for the Pacific. Well, I was too glad of my life to regret much that I must go whale fishing with them. I told all my story to the Captain, and he agreed to look after me properly, for half the sum of mo-

ney I told him I had in America, provided I would make myself useful on board. All went on comfortable enough as long as the skipper kept his temper, but he was a fellow that took dislikes, and one day he quarrelled with me about some little matter, and ever after that he kept annoying me in every way. The first mate, who was a lick-trencher sort of a chap, took his cue from the Captain, and was very rude too.

"I'm not going to tell you about the whale fishing; you may read that in a book* if you like. I must go on to a strange thing that happened to myself. We had been cruising off the Bay of Panama for a couple of months, when our water getting bad, we steered westerly for Cocos island, to get a fresh supply. I borrowed a gun when we anchored off the Island, and went on shore with the first mate and the watering gangs. Something unpleasant occurred between myself and the mate, and he called me a very bad name. My blood was up, and as soon as we landed, I managed to take him aside by himself, and then and there gave him the best thrashing I had got by me, and I expect it was the best he had ever had. I knew there would be a great row about this, and feeling some little alarm at what I had done, I walked off towards the interior of the island. It was a most beautiful spot: clear water fell in sparkling cascades from the rock; the hills, which rose on all sides, were thickly wooded, whilst the rich green of the foliage was diversified by the bright and brilliant colors of the tropical parasites, which festooned the trunks of the trees. I was in a very bad temper, and at last I said to myself,—They have been taking great liberties with me lately: I will just take a liberty with them; I won't go back to the ship to-night, but will keep them waiting a bit. So on I trudged up the hills, where I amused myself till nightfall, shooting and admiring the scenery. I had got some biscuits, and a spirit flask with me; so when it grew dark, I established myself in a snug corner, protected by a rock, where I eat my frugal dinner, and went to sleep.

"I awoke up at midnight; the beautiful sky, the last thing my eyes had closed upon, was gone; thick masses of heavy black cloud covered the heavens, and I heard the wind roaring through the trees with the madness of a tropical tempest. The next morning I attempted to find my way back to the beach; it was the wildest scene I ever beheld. mighty branches were stripped off the trees, clean and clear by main force of the wind; the earth was strewed with leaves and battered flowers; the water-falls were blown about like so much smoke. When I got to the shore it was one mingled scene of spray and foam, and mist, through which I could see nothing, and deafened by the surf and the thunder, for it thundered the whole time, I stood perfectly aghast, not knowing whether the ship was there or not.

"The storm lasted all day; at night I returned to my retreat, and slept soundly from the exhaustion of battling all day with

* If the reader has any curiosity also, about Whale Fishing, allow me to recommend worthy Dr. Cowlter's Volumes in the Pacific, from which I have borrowed, in some part, of this story.

the wind. The next morning the storm still continued. "Perhaps I can see better from higher ground" I said; I fought my way up to the summit of the island. Still I could see nothing. There was a lake on this elevated spot, and in sauntering round this, thinking what I should do, I was very much astonished to see, what looked like a hut or cottage. I went up to it, and found a door, closed, indeed, but without latch. It yielded to pressure, and I found myself in a small chamber, hung round with a gun and bows and arrows, and two cutlasses; and containing a few articles of furniture which were very clean but of the rudest construction. An elderly man was asleep in one corner, covered with a cloak; his countenance was foreign in feature but not unpleasing in expression. I went in, and leaning over him, touched him very gently. He woke immediately, and starting up, said, "This is not British territory, you cannot drag me from the island." Then recovering himself in a moment, he asked me who I was, and begged me to sit down on a settle, which was apparently of his own manufacture. After I had told my story, he begged me to stay with him till the storm abated, as there could be no communication with the ship in the present state of things. I was not sorry to eat, and I stayed all day, and slept in a corner of the hut at night. The next morning the wind went down, and we descended together to the shore. But—no ship—not a vestige of her, and I have never seen her again. I'm making a long story of this, but it *was* a strange business. Well, there was nothing to be done but bear my misfortunes. I lived for nearly four years with that old gentleman, and he died in my arms. He told his whole story before he died, and I found I had been keeping company all along with a celebrated person. He has friends living, and therefore I never mean to bring his name forward in public, nor in short ever mention it to a soul. But if any one had seen what he suffered in his sleep, and at other times, it would have been quite enough to make them think twice, before they yielded to temptation. He had committed a crime: he was a banker, and in a commercial crisis he forged, and there were bloody laws in those days, and, by gad! if they didn't take and hang him: don't laugh; I've seen the mark fifty times; I repeat, he was hanged, but thanks to rich relations, corrupt functionaries, and galvanism, he got over it. He fled to Rio, but his conscience came after him, and he went on to Valparaiso, and it dogged him there too: at last he took to Cocos Island, and he slept very poorly there even, and I believe he is now in the only peaceful slumber he ever had after he wrote the false words.

"You would not have thought that there was much in common between a young fellow like me, and an old man, whose hopes had all left him, and who was burdened with something on his mind; but I did not believe I could have felt anything as I did his death. As soon as I was sure he was dead, I carried him as he was, a long way from the hut, and buried him. I never went near his grave after: I did not know but what some animal might disturb him; (there were hogs on the island;) and I dare not

think of any outrage to his poor remains. But, by gad! it shows we are all brothers in reality, when two fellows come to live on an island, and one dies——"

"No," interrupted Gascoigne, calmly, but determinately, "we are not brothers."

"Well, I think we are," continued Hescott, "though some people do not go on much as if we were, certainly, but how lonely I was without the old man! If any thing would have spoken I could have been easy, but it was all mute nature around me. I had a favorite goat, and I was coward enough to strike it one day because it could not speak, but the silence was maddening. Then I began to long for ships, and look out for them, and at last one morning, about six months after the old man died, a vessel came for water. The watering party were surprised enough to see me: however they took me on board, and as it was an English whaler going home, why I came back finally to old Albion." After this narration, Alban proceeded to give an account of how Mr. Lattimer had behaved to him since his return, but as it was rather a garbled statement, I shall perhaps be able to relate what occurred with more impartiality. When Mr. Lattimer heard from Eva the fact of Alban's return, as well as the account of their early attachment;—for Eva was too broken down to withhold any part of the story from her father, and gladly relieved her mind by pouring her tale of love into his ear;—he went up to London at once, determined to push off Hescott again for the New World. Their interview took place at an unlucky time. Mr. Lattimer had called at the British Flag Tavern in the evening, and was very cordially received by Alban, who came up with a glistening eye, and his fine countenance bronzed with sun, and at that time considerably heightened in color by potations. He insisted upon Mr. Lattimer drinking with him, called that gentleman a "jolly cock," and at length disclosed to him with great glee, as he took a handful of sovereigns out of his pocket—"Got all these at Loo last night." When the time for parting came, Alban made many protests against Mr. Lattimer "shirking his liquor," sent a kiss to Eva, and wound up with a long and violent shake of the hand. Mr. Lattimer left the house, determined never again in any way to communicate with Alban. And from this obstinate resolution doggedly adhered to, a fatal misunderstanding arose; for Alban would have gone to America, if he had known what one word from Mr. Lattimer could have informed him, that the £450 was still in Mr. Eteson's hands, and at his disposal. But Alban did not know this, and stayed in London. When Hescott's narration was quite finished, Gascoyne thanked him very much for it, and declared that there were points about it particularly suited for the stage. "But I think," said he, "the old man wants coloring. Forgery, you know, is not strong enough for our public; I should feel inclined if I dramatized the story to put Thurtell in his place, or some body of that kidney." The narration of biographical events is very contagious; and little Gascoigne having partaken rather freely of spirits, began to hint at

scenes in his own life. "You say all men are brothers," said he, "but Hescott, my boy, it is not the fact; there is no brotherhood nor kindness among men. They build up a thing called society, and what it is for? to give the great power in addition to their riches, and to prevent the poor from vindicating their rights. Look here at me; what do I owe society? My mother was a courtezan, my father must have been a cur, for he never owned me: I was bred in a brothel, and educated in the purliens of this city, and then society expects me not to drink, and not to keep bad company, and to put on clean clothes on Sundays, and walk with my head down to Church; and so on. Nay, more—society not only expects a crop where nothing has been sown, but positively expects a crop of wheat where it has sown tares itself. When I was sixteen, (this is as true as heaven,) I determined I would earn an honest penny, and I went and got a situation as an errand boy. I worked hard for a few days: at last my master turns me off one morning. "What have I done?" said I. "You will come to no good," said he, "my son saw you turning out of a bad house, and in company with some one as you have no business to know." It was true; but the woman was my mother, and the house my home. Only last year another thing happened. I got sick of this theatre, and I saw an advertisement for a shopman in a bookseller's shop. This was just my fancy. When I was a little lad, I saved every sixpence I got, holding horses, to pay for schooling at a night school, and I've read a good deal at stalls in my life. Well, I went to the bookshop, a small place at this end of town; the bookseller asked me if I had any certificates. I told him the landlord of this house, (where we are now,) knew me, and could speak to my character. He asked me what occupation I was following then; when I told him, he laughed immoderately, and said, "that would never do," and adding he wanted no Pizarros, bowed me out. Now this is the state of things in this country; if you're born low, you must keep low:—and then people get up in Parliament, and talk about the "progress of the nation," and what is the progress of the nation? why, the rich get richer, and the poor, poorer; the high, higher; and the low, "deeper, and deeper still," as old Mr. Braham says. Oh, Hescott, I am sick of the whole thing; I'd take no benefits from society now if they fawned upon me; and if Sir Robert Peel were to say to me, 'Gascoyne, we've wronged you, but by way of retribution I'll make you Governor General of the East Indies,' I'd say to him, 'Sir Robert, it is too late now, you may take your Indies to another shop, for I'm blowed if I'll go.' With a defiant air, and after making several butts at the candle to light a cigar, the little man rose, and taking Alban's arm, they both staggered out into the streets, for by this time Alban also was a little excited, though his elevation took a different turn, for he asked, what did it matter if a man could get a glass of grog and a baccy, what society were about. The reader may wonder where Alban *did* get his glass of grog and his baccy, and indeed it is rather difficult to say. At the interview

with Mr. Lattimer, he had mentioned that he was under great obligations to the Captain of the vessel which had brought him home, and Mr. Lattimer, taking this gentleman's address, sent him a handsome present, and without a line of any sort he had forwarded also a cheque to Alban for £50, so he seemed to try and propitiate the Deity of Moral Duty, whom he was offending, by pecuniary offerings. This sum, with billiards and cards, and a literary transaction, had kept Alban going somehow or another, and it is most marvellous how many people there are in London of dissipated habits, but with no visible sources of income, who still pull through pretty comfortably.

The literary transaction was this. A very seedy looking man called one day on Alban, and asked if he had not had odd adventures: they were related; and the litterateur, with incredible swiftness, threw them into a fiction. Sometime after he called again, he had got a hundred pounds for his book, and though Alban had made no stipulation, the author generously offered him fifty. Misfortune had taught the poor man sympathy and kindness, as prosperity sometimes, I fear, teaches their opposites.

CHAPTER II.

"They err," so Southey sings, "who say that love can die." This is at least true, I think, of first love; a name profaned, it must be owned, by mawkish sentimentalists, but still a holy word to those who know it in its full meaning. To few, to hardly any, is it given to be united with the one for whom the heart first poured forth its lavish stores of affection. And yet we never so love again. For how often do bride and bridegroom, in a happy and well assorted match, even when exclaiming, "The joyous day has at length arrived," still feel an inward reservation, that joyous as it is, it is not *the* day they had fancied in their earlier dreams. And afterwards, when gentle children play around the hearth, and the cup of household happiness is fullest, the cheerful mother looks up, and her eyes fill with tears, for the sun has burst into a gleam amongst the garden trees, and a melancholy, not unpleasurable, brings suddenly to mind, out of the long ago, a chesnut grove, and one who pressed her to his bosom, and promised her a fairy home, where washing and accounts, and Dalby's carminative, she cannot think, would ever have entered.

Have you read that sweet tale of Fouqué's, entitled "Rose"? Look you at the last when Master Haubold tastes the goblet, how it must be from the Lady Rose's hand, (she was his young heart's idol) and then his gentle soul may depart in peace and blessedness to his God.

The return of Alban threw Eva back from the mellow love of maturer days into the more beautiful, if more delicate, passion of a former day. It was a hopeless and unhappy business; conjecture could not imagine any termination to it but sorrow. But still through the utter darkness, like the glowworm, her heart patiently abided, cheered only by

its own slender but unfickle lamp of love.

She was under a strange delusion in one respect as regarded Alban. She knew that he was denied the house on account of his character. But she softened all this down in her own mind, by thinking that her father misunderstood him. "My father," she said to herself, "is of grave and sober temperament, and makes no allowances for exuberant spirits and frolic: I feel sure Alban is as full of high impulses and principles as ever, though he may have been led into gaiety by being with sailors, and those sort of people." But those who have marked the effects of dissipation know, that though it may not harden a generous mind against impulses of kindness, it gradually constitutes the object of life to be an organized selfishness. And it is a selfishness more subtle and dangerous on this account, that it is not pointed out to ourselves in its progress, as a selfishness like the love of money is, by the gradual ossification of the gentler feelings.

To immediate friends both of Arthur Chester and of Eva, the particular circumstances which led to their match being broken off were made known. With the world, such part of it at least as ever heard of the story, the affair passed as rather a smart case of jilt.

Mr. Lattimer was sorry to see Eva so unhappy, but considered it his best plan to say nothing, and confine himself to steadily repudiating Alban. At the time of this chapter, not long after the date of the last, the Lattimers were in London: the talkative Lady Pollen was staying with them. Eva had grown reserved in her habits, disliking to mingle much in society, and cherishing in the solitude of her own chamber, the thoughts which were at once her greatest sorrow and its sweetest anodyne. Lady Pollen's attempts to rally her were, as you may imagine, very troublesome. "My dear Eva," she would say to her in private, "I am sorry to see you mope, but do, for pity's sake, think no more of this horrid South-sea island creature, and just let me hint to the dear little curé, that it is all right again. He'd give his bands, you know, to hear of you again; they're tough, those clergy; they don't mind a little jilting, and well have a recherché, but quiet wedding; if he's turned Puseyite, which I dare say he has by this time, we'll have rich hot cross buns instead of wedding cake, just to humour him. Now do, Eva, there's a dear."

Eva had never seen Alban since his return: her imagination pictured him, as improved and matured by the moving accidents of the flood, but from circumstances and education, unfit for quiet society and conventional usages. She had a most longing desire to see him, that her eyes might rest once more on the idol of her childhood, once more on that face she so well remembered as it last passed from her sight, and left sadness and desolation behind.

She constantly looked out when they drove in the streets, in the hope that she might see him by chance, but she never did. At last she heard of him in a strange way. Martha, her maid, had an uncle, who was a grocer in a small street at the East end, and it was in his house that Bennett, Mr. Radcliff's clerk, lived. It was an

instance of the prudence which distress had taught this man, that he chose to lodge with quiet respectable people, and behaved with perfect propriety in his own room, never coming home till he was quite sober enough to know what he was about, and therefore though his landlord perceived he kept strange hours, he had no reason to complain of his conduct. One evening, when Martha had got leave to drink tea at her uncle's, she began telling her aunt all the circumstances of poor Miss Eva being crossed in love, and taking on so. When she mentioned the name of Hescott, "Why, la!" said Mrs. Haswell, her aunt, "that's the name of the handsome young man as is friends with our Bennett; he's some of the acting people, aint he?"

Martha had never heard that he had ever done anything of that sort.

"Oh, but I know he is," said her aunt, "I say, Haswell," her husband came in at this juncture, "what were you saying about young Hescott, acting or something, aint he?" Mr. Haswell, who was a sententious person, replied, "I think a rumour has reached me of the facts referred to. A play, entitled, as I am given to understand, the 'Lady of Lyons,' is to be produced at the British, with, it is reported,—but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement,—unprecedented magnificence; in which it is farther stated, that Mr. Hescott will take a principal part. But a man must be guarded in believing what he hears; he must sift, and compare, and weigh, and then form his conclusions."

Martha went out to try if she could get a play-bill, and returned successful, with a long strip of paper covered with red letters, in which was announced that Mr. Norton, proprietor of the British Theatre, having concluded an engagement with Mr. Alban Hescott, of America, for a few nights, that gentleman would make his first appearance in the character of "Claude Melnotte," in the "Lady of Lyons," on Monday evening next. The news and the bill were both conveyed, as you may suppose, to Eva, and from that moment she determined she would witness his debût. It seemed at first that this could not possibly be effected, but an opening occurred in the following way. Eva was taking advantage of the residence of a Madame Bassani, in her neighbourhood, to prosecute her singing, for she found a great solace in music. Madame came twice a week, and on Mondays gave a little party at her own house, where she received her pupils, and on these occasions duets and quartetts, and sometimes choral bits, were got up. No gentlemen, except the relations of the pupils, were asked.

Eva had engaged to go for the next Monday. She wrote an excuse, and started with Martha in a fly, as she was in the habit of going to Madame Bassani's, for Mrs. Haswell's little parlour. There, for Martha had arranged it capitally, was the party all ready for the Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Haswell, and two old friends of theirs, Mr. and Mrs. Pridmore; the lady being amazingly fat and full of fears and precautions, and the gentleman, a thin, grey-haired old man, tied up by his wife in handkerchiefs which he didn't want, and nearly choked with peppermint lozenges, which she

insisted on his taking, in consequence of the damp. The Theatre was not far, and the two gentlemen started to be ready at the door, and hand out the ladies.

"Take care of the gutter, love," roared Mrs. Pridmore; "he's so delicate," she added, "and wet feet pulls down a person so."

At length the ladies started in the fly, Mrs. Pridmore, with a huge reticule containing refreshments as also hartshorn, and a few other remedies, in case of accidents. Eva was dressed in black, and when she got into the box which had been taken for them, she put the two old ladies in the front seat, and sat on the next with Martha, whilst the gentlemen remained by the door. The Theatre was very full: loud cries prevailed of "oranges and ginger beer," and the busy hum of voices was occasionally interrupted by a shrill whistle; hats descended abruptly from the divine regions, and were drawn up again leisurely by combined handkerchiefs. You would have thought the play unsuited in a remarkable degree for the audience, but so long as there was not too much of it, and a good, broad farce afterwards, they liked having a piece that was thought "slap up" at the West End, and especially as they understood the principal part was to be entrusted to a "top sawyer." But there was a great delay; it was sometime after the proper hour; and the orchestra had not yet taken their places. The audience began to show great symptoms of impatience, stamping and hooting commenced, and very general cries were heard of "Strike up music." The orchestra came in very leisurely, and seemed to take an unreasonable time in tuning their instruments—a circumstance commented on by the gallery with some acrimony. All this delay was most distressing to poor Eva, who was afraid she should be obliged to go before she had seen Hescott. However she thought she could stay three quarters of an hour more, if they drove home quickly. When the orchestra did begin, they played an unusually long time, and as it now became evident the delay was intentional, the whole audience grew angry, roared, stamped, and hissed, and cries of "Norton, Norton," "shame, shame," re-echoed through the house. Mrs. Pridmore conceiving at each outbreak, that the house had just caught fire, sustained a series of shocks. At last the prompter's bell was heard, the curtain drew up, and the play began. The audience were soon appeased, and sat down quietly to listen. Eva knew the play well, and when they came to the third scene, she felt her heart beat very fast, and her breathing came thick. Where she sat, she could not see the cottage door through which Claude was to enter.

"What, you won't come in my friends! Well, well, there's a trifle to make merry elsewhere. Good day to you all—good day!

Shout.—Hurrah! Long live Prince Claude!"

Not Alban's voice surely. At this moment one shout of disapprobation rose from every person present, and after this, a hurricane of hissing raged on every side.

"What is the matter?" cried Eva, turning pale.

"They are going to pull the house about our ears, I suspect,"

answered Mrs. Pridmore, agitated. By this time the unpopular actor came to the footlights; it was no one Eva had ever seen before, though the audience had often enough, for it was no other than Mr. Bannister Douglas.

He came as forward as he could, and taking off his peasant's cap, bowed and said, "Gentlemen and Ladies." This was all the audience would hear, and at this crisis, an orange taking Mr. Douglas in the face, caused that gentleman to dash down his cap, shake his fist at the public and run off, followed by the Widow Melnotte, amidst roars of laughter. The stage was now empty; the word "Norton" was thundered in every direction, and at length on came a little man, with a profusion of hair, watch chains and rings. A silence being obtained, he bowed, and spoke as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the American artist, who was announced this evening for the part of Claude, is suffering so severely from a cold contracted on the Atlantic, (laughter, and cries of 'pickles,') that nothing will induce his medical man to allow him to appear. (Hisses.) I have certificates from two of the faculty, (a distinguished baronet being one,) that Mr. Hescott's appearance to-night would endanger his life. (Groans.) These will be published to-morrow morning, with the daily bills. (cries of 'Silence,' 'Hear him.') Mr. Douglas having in the kindest manner come forward to fill the vacant part, I throw myself upon your indulgence to allow the play to proceed. I have never appealed to you in vain, (slight cheers.) The management and the audience of the British Theatre have understood each other up to to-night, and I shall believe, unless you assure me to the contrary, that we understand each other now." (Cheers.) In a few minutes after, Mr. Bannister Douglas again entered through the cottage door: his mother from the side: and the play proceeded. But all interest for Eva was gone; she was terribly uneasy about Alban's illness, and it was time for her to go home. Disappointed, anxious, sad, she left the house with her sober old protectors. A little way from the Theatre there was a stoppage in the street, "Oh la!" said Mrs. Pridmore, "it is not Pridmore run over and killed?" It was not: there was a crowd collected round the door of a house brilliantly lighted within, and apparently a spirit palace. The door was suddenly opened with violence, and two policemen appeared on the upper step. They were thrust forward by a young man, of whose collar they both had hold, but pushing them down the steps, he managed with a jerk, to extricate himself from their grasp, and stood for a moment alone. He had no hat; his clothes were torn; he was flushed with liquor; but there he was, the chiselled feature, the high brow, the curling tresses,—it was Alban Hescott. The two policemen were soon at him again, and a third coming up at the moment, they dragged him down the steps, and in the struggle he was thrown on the pavement. There he lay using terrible language and imprecations. Eva felt a mad impossible wish to go to his succour, and positively would have opened the door, if Mrs. Pridmore had not prevented it, on the score that if the horse went on suddenly, there

was no knowing what might not happen. At this moment a very pretty girl, with black eyes and hair, but alas! too well dressed, pushed through the crowd, and touched the policemen on the arm. "Do not go hitting him, there's a good fellow," said she; "he 's as quiet as a lamb when he's only spoken to gently like." "He'll be quiet no more to-night I expect," said the policeman, "till he 's locked up." "Won't he," answered the girl, "I've seen him worse than this by three noggins, and he's got up and walked like a child of two,—I have though, s'help me Peel." She bent over Alban for a minute or two, and whispered something in his ear, and the policemen leaving go of him, he got up, and the girl taking his hand, led him away. No one spoke in the coach as it moved on, till it came to the grocer's. Then, when Mrs. Haswell said, "Good night, Miss," she received no answer. Eva had fainted. She was carried in the back parlor, where Mrs. Pridmore treated her with great energy, and she soon recovered. She returned home, but it was not the home she had left. This could not be the room in which she had dreamed of Alban. It was cold and bare. And he was an animal; he wallowed, he grovelled—this man she had so loved. No; it could not be so; it was not his nature; it was that woman who was beguiling him: it was the fatal spell of that wicked designing woman, which was entrancing for a moment his too susceptible spirit. Alban at heart was still true, she knew it. So blind is love. And now she questioned for the first time in her own mind, for her ardent wishes had precluded the idea before, whether she had done a maidenly and modest thing in going where she had. So she was very unhappy, and wept herself to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of the day following the failure at the Theatre, Alban Hescott made his way to Bennett's little room over the grocer's. Finding his friend not yet returned from office, he sat down. The room was very neatly kept, there was a little hanging-shelf with a few odd volumes of books, (strange companions, by the way, had met, Philip Doddridge was cheek by jowl with Pierce Egan,) a large comfortable looking arm-chair covered with chintz, near the table, and a little clock against the wall, with weights hanging by red strings. The fire irons were very bright, and the fire-place was shrouded with yellow paper cut in figures. Over the mantelpiece hung a little picture; it was a pencil drawing, passably executed, of a superior sort of farm-house such as you may have seen in Leicestershire; it stood in a large garden, and just discernible through trees was the spire of a church. This little drawing was a great favorite of Bennett's, and Alban having come in upon him, once or twice after an unusual outbreak, had found the poor creature sitting nervous, and whimpering with the picture on the table before him. This was rather a ludicrous exhibition, but it was not unmixed with pathos,

this one memento awakening the few better feelings of a misguided heart: scanty rays of God's sunshine on a desolate ruin. Alban sat opposite the picture, and remembered happier times of his own; and the tears filled his eyes, but it was only the susceptibility which excitement produces; day by day he knew inwardly how his habits were growing more and more essential to his existence.

"Well, Mr. Alban Hescott," said Bennett, entering, (he was a very red-faced man, with black whiskers and shining teeth,) you may be said on the whole to have mistaken your profession I think; you may live down prejudice, but I do not think Macready need take poison yet; I don't indeed."

"Come," said Alban, laughing, "it was not my fault."

"Why, whose was it then?"

"You've never been on the stage, or else you'd know it was rather nervous work coming on the first time."

"But you did not come on at all."

"Why, you see, a little brandy braces the nerves."

"Oh, yes, I understand, and a great deal improves the memory."

"They said I wasn't fit to go on, but I could walk, holding a fellow's arm, very well."

"Ha! ha! ha! and that's your idea of an appearance; why you might as well come on as Hamlet in a wheel-barrow; but what says Norton."

"Oh, he won't hear a word; he's mad; he says if I was worth anything, he would prosecute me to the uttermost farthing. I am very sorry he won't let me try again, because I'm sure I could do it."

"Do what?"

"Claude; I like the character; he's such a jolly proud fellow: my pronunciation must be better than Douglas's, and I flatter myself I'm as good-looking as he is any day."

"Well now that plan's off, what do you mean to do, eh?"

"I do not know; the alternative seems to be between going to the swell mob, or—the devil"

"Now I tell you what it is Alban," said Bennett, "you've just one chance left; turn steady for a bit, make up to old Lattimer, marry your cousin; and there you are, you can do what you like then; it would only take two years."

"Two years!" said Alban, "that would never do; I could not stand muffing for two months. Besides, my uncle and I have been cuts so long now, and as for my cousin, I've forgotten all about her. Besides, I do not want to marry. Kate Harding's good enough for me."

"Talking of Kate, she got you out of a row last night, did she not?"

"Yes; I was prowling about Crosby's, and I found in a corner a most inviting little gasometer, and just one small stroke of a small handle put every thing into total darkness. There was a frightful tumult; two old women made straight for the gin, and though quite sober before, were found utterly drunk when the lamps were lighted again. Crosby did not see the joke in the same view as I did, and my not wishing to leave the place brought me into temporary collision with the Government of this country, from which I was extricated by Kate."

"Well, now you're going to keep quiet to-night."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. I'm quite flush of money to-day; I've sold that old silver watch of my father's for seven pounds."

"What, it's gone at last."

"Yes, so you've no excuse now, we'll dine together, and then go to the ball. You know to-night's the night Madame O'Brien gives her mask ball at the Iscariot's Head."

"By Jove, so it is, we must go."

They had not gone more than a few yards, when they saw a wretched, skeleton-looking fellow, sitting and writing with chalk on the pavement. Alban gave him half a crown.

"What are you doing," said Bennett; "these fellows are well known to be only shamming."

"You cannot sham, having no flesh on your bones," replied Alban.

The impulse was good; but what money was the charity taken from?

The mask ball is not a proper place for you and me, good reader; let us come on to the next afternoon. Again, at the same hour, five o'clock, Alban was calling on Bennett. He was surprised to find him in bed, in an inner room; he was groaning, and his eyes were red with tears; the picture was lying in the floor.

"You're back early to-day," said Alban.

"Do not speak, please, do not speak: I am a lost man, I am ruined from this day forward."

"Why, what has happened?"

"Happened, the greatest calamity of my life: this morning, when you left me, instead of coming home and dressing and going to office, I went and drank again, and sat drinking till office, and then went as I was, and then—— but no matter, I'm ruined!"

"But what happened, you've not told me that yet."

"I was discharged; I'm a lost man."

"Oh, nonsense, you'll soon get another situation."

"Shall I? never. I know what has happened better than you do; the check is removed: the drag 's broken on the hill; down, down, down,——mark my words, my fate is sealed from this hour."

And the poor creature lay back, strong, coarse fellow as he was, sobbing like a child.

ABSENCE.

Thou art not here! the very air around,
(No longer vital with thy presence) feels
Heavy and dull, as when a vapour steals
After the sun's departure, from the ground,
Shrouding the earth's fair features like a pall,
And spreading desolation's hue o'er all;

Then every beauty fadeth drearily
From the wan face of Nature; while the chill
And clammy mists are waxing denser still;
So, now thy smile, the Sun of Life to me
No longer shineth, all around is drear;
Gladness no longer decks Time's brow with flowers,
Nor aids his swifter flight, but the dull hours
Drag onward slowly, for thou art not here!
An air of lifelessness o'er all is shed,
As in an old house uninhabited;
And an oppressive feeling influences
My heart with vain solicitude; it seems
All to unnerve my mind, as when in dreams
A senseless fear is weighing on the senses,
And from some unknown danger we would fly,
But terror chains us down resistlessly.

II.

Yes, thou art gone, like light, when day is done,
And darkness, like the shadow that descends
When night her dusky veil o'er all extends,
Has fallen upon my heart, beloved one;
No other beam can light me, reft of thee,
And rayless night indeed were doomed to me,
But that the thought of thee is like a lamp
Gleaming my soul's lone cottage to illume,
Remembrance of thee glads the dismal gloom,
Like a bright watchfire in the midnight camp;
My fond affection is a tender song
To which thine is the music, when apart,
(Though losing not its power upon the heart,)
It can no longer bear the mind along.
In that blest train of ecstacy divine,
As it could do when harmonized with thine.
But I must sing alone, like a caged bird
In grief, those notes that had their birth in gladness
While fancy brings a dream to soothe his sadness,
Wherein his absent mate's response is heard.
As on the ground lies a neglected lute,
In some deserted chamber, day by day,
While she whose hand should wake it, is away,
And all its music breathing strings are mute;
So my heart's chords, no longer touched by thee,
Forget to vibrate in harmonious measures,
And scorn to prodigal their secret treasures,
While thou art absent, whose alone they be.

III.

As when a captive in his silent cell,
Fears lest old Time has quite forgot to fly,
And that his lazy step will ne'er bring nigh
The hour when he may bid his chain farewell:
How he desires to plume afresh his wings,
And longs for night, though little rest it brings:
So every morning I reproach the sun
For sloth, and long for night, since closing day
Brings the hour nearer that shall guide my way
Again to thee, my own beloved one!
Thou mayest need succour, and I not be near thee
Should danger threaten thee, to be thy guard,
Who would, like me, watch thee with ceaseless ward?
Thou mayest be sad, and I not there to cheer thee,
Anxiety brings doubts, dim shadow o'er me,
And raises thousand groundless fears before me:
As when a merchant, who his all hath ventured
In one rich vessel, follows ever near
In anxious fancy through her far career,
For all his hopes are in her safety centered,
And conjures danger up in countless forms,
Pirates and quicksands, lightning, rocks, and storms.
So, now, it is not strange, thus far from thee,
My wealth, my hope, my happiness, my all,
That phantom terrors should my dreams appal,
And shapeless fears be daily haunting me.

Selections and Translations.

ON THE MEANS OF DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN REAL AND APPARENT DEATH.

(Translated for Saunders' Magazine.)

The dreadful fate of those unhappy beings, who have been buried alive while under the influence of some extraordinary suspension of vitality, and who have afterwards awoke in their graves to suffer the horrors of a thousand deaths, is a subject by which the human imagination has always been terribly excited. The historians of all ages have cited instances of this deplorable mistake. And yet the ancients carried their veneration for the dead so far, that it nearly amounted to a cult. Plato did not forget, among the laws which he inscribed in the code of his Republic, to provide that every possible precaution should be taken in the burial of the dead; and Cicero laid down three kinds of equity—the first, that which is displayed towards the gods; the second towards the dead, and the third towards mankind.

But this veneration of the ancients for the dead only displayed itself in superstitious ceremonies. We must pass over many centuries before we find that any serious attention was paid to the sure physical signs of death. The opinion, that persons were occasionally buried, whose life was not yet extinct, was very common among the vulgar; and during the middle ages especially, it was supported by fabulous stories, which were every where received with the greatest credulity. It was not until 1740 that the subject underwent serious scientific investigation. In that year, Winslow, the celebrated Danish anatomist, proposed this as a subject for professional enquiry, and unfortunately the researches of this ingenious man served less to combat than to fortify the popular belief. Winslow, who had himself been buried alive twice, might naturally be supposed to have taken an extraordinary interest in the enquiry. The conclusion which one naturally draws from his work is, that the science of his day had no means of distinguishing apparent from real death. But Winslow's book, written in Latin, was a sealed book to the multitude. Two years after its publication, Bruhier d'Ablincourt translated it, and added a hundred and twenty-two cases of his own, without taking much pains to see that they were drawn from authentic sources. Bruhier's book was well calculated to disseminate terror. Of the hundred and twenty cases which he cited, fifteen had been buried alive, four had returned to life under the anatomist's knife, and a hundred and three persons supposed to be dead, had recovered in time to escape a living tomb. These strange recitals were only calculated to deceive persons ignorant of physiology and medicine. They could not stand the test of competent criticism, and it proved easy to demon-

strate the part which imagination had played, in the compilation of Bruhier's appaling statistics. Public opinion, which was strongly excited, was soon re-assured by Louis, the learned Secretary of the Royal Academy of Surgery. His letter on "The certainty of the signs of death," forms a sort of counterpoise to the reckless dissertation of Bruhier, who had blindly adopted all the fables to be found here and there in books. Louis, on the contrary, submitted each alleged fact to a severe examination—scrutinized with rare sagacity, the probability of the details, and demonstrated, that none of the narratives on which Bruhier had relied was sufficient to convince a cautious mind. He completed the refutation by a series of interesting researches which permitted him to affirm, after more than forty experiments, that cadaverous *rigidity of the body* is a *certain sign of death.**

After the writings of Bruhier and Louis, many years passed without witnessing any progress in the study of this question. The memoirs of Pinneau and Thierry, as well as the treatise published by Duraude in 1789 point out wise precautions for avoiding the danger of premature burial; but they do not discuss the physiological problem. It was the beautiful experiments made by Haller on the irritability of muscular fibre, that first set scientific men on the direct road towards ascertaining the different characteristics of life and death. Nysten followed in the footsteps of Haller, and sought for a certain means of recognizing muscular insensibility. Of all the stimulants by which physiologists have endeavoured to effect this object, none is more important than galvanism. To this Nysten had recourse in 1811, in the experiments at the Hôpital de la Charité. The electric current excites the contractile power of muscular fibre so long as it retains life. It will even produce this effect on muscle that has but recently removed from the living body. But let life be once completely extinguished, and the most powerful electric current exercises no more effect upon the muscular fibre, than upon a mass of matter that never lived. Thus the immobility which Nysten observed in the bodies of forty individuals which he submitted to galvanic currents, was considered by him as a sign which certainly indicated the total extinction of life.

The impulse which had been given to such investigations, in the meanwhile extended itself to Germany, where the French works on the subject were translated, and gave birth to fresh publications. One of the German writers, the most celebrated of all, expressed opinions which again struck terror into men's minds. This was Hufeland, who undertook to prove that the signs of death were most uncertain, and to refute the more welcome doctrine of Louis. The alarm which he created was so great that many of the German Governments felt it their duty to establish houses for the reception and examination of bodies before burial. The excitement created by Hufeland extended in a minor degree to France.

This state of the question regarding the signs of death and the danger of premature burial, lasted eleven years, until in 1837, M. Manni, a professor in the University of Rome, proposed, in a letter addressed to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, to offer a special prize of 1,500 francs for the best memoir on "apparent deaths and the best means of avoiding their dangerous consequences." Convinced of the im-

* **Note by the Translator.**—Those who are familiar with the practice of mesmerism will at once recognise the fallacy of this test. Generally speaking there is a very wide difference between the rigidity of a catalepsed mesmeric patient and that of a dead body; but among the innumerable varieties of mesmeric phenomena, may occasionally be seen an exact imitation of the *rigidité cadaverique* here spoken of. In spite of M. Louis's incredulity, nothing can be better tested than the case of poor Abbe Prevôt, the novelist, who died from a wound inflicted by a Surgeon who was holding an autopsy over his living body.

portance of solving a problem which had for so many years occupied the attention of physicians and jurisprudists, the Academy gratefully accepted the offer, and its acceptation was ratified by the French Government.

The questions therefore proposed by the Academy were—"What are the characteristics of apparent death?" "What are the best means of preventing premature burials?" These questions did not wait long for an answer. Among the various memoirs which were presented in succession to the Academy, there was one which appeared to have completely answered the object of that learned body. In offering their opinions on this memoir, Messrs. Rayer and Magendie had themselves to examine the question raised by the Roman professor, and the result of their enquiries were this. The surest means of avoiding premature burials is to select from among the various signs of death, that one which at the same time merits the most confidence, and which is the earliest to show itself. This criterion was obtained by M. Bousquet, the author of the prize memoir, whose conclusions have found so striking a confirmation in the suffrages of Messrs. Rayer and Magendie.

A rapid enumeration of the phenomena which accompany and follow death will enable us better to understand the import of the discovery which has the sanction of the Academy. When life is on the point of abandoning the body, the senses become gradually dimmed, respiration becomes difficult, anxious, stertorous—(râlante), until the last breath is yielded, and the extremities, receiving no longer the vivifying current which comes from the heart, vital heat disappears, and yields place to the chill of death. There soon developes itself, a phenomenon of which Haller and Bichât have wrongly denied the existence, viz., the rigidity of the body which at once seizes the muscles of the trunk, then of the neck, then of the inferior limbs, then of the upper, and the duration of which is greater in proportion as it is slow in making its appearance. It is quite distinct from the stiffness caused by a convulsed state of the muscles; or the stiffness caused by freezing; for in the first case, by using sufficiently energetic measures, the muscular power may be overcome at least for the moment; in the second, the stiffness pervades indiscriminately all the tissues, the cells of which are filled with minute particles of ice, which yield a slight and peculiar sound when broken by pressure. The absence of muscular contraction, when under the influence of certain direct stimulants, such as the pricking of pins, the application of caustic, or what, as we have said above, is most conclusive of all, the galvanic current; is the second phenomenon inseparable from death; to which must be added the last of all, the setting in of decomposition. But none of these signs can be counted on immediately after death. Rigidity may affect the muscles before the animal heat has disappeared, but a certain period is necessary, sometimes short and sometimes long, before it sets in. It is the same with sensibility to the exciting power of the galvanic current, which the muscular fibre often retains long after the heart has ceased to perform its functions. And finally, decomposition does not take place, as is well known, but under certain conditions; for air and water are as necessary to sustain the process of putrefaction, as they are to the functions of animal life. M. Gay Lussac preserved fresh meat for many months by placing it under a bell-glass, in an atmosphere, the moisture of which had been absorbed by chloride of calcium; and according to M. Guyton de Morveau, putrefaction cannot take place in hydrogen, azote, or carbonic acid, oxygen being essential to the process. Putrefaction is also retarded by a diminution of temperature, and it ceases altogether when the thermometer reaches the freezing point. Thus the flesh of mammoths

has been preserved for thousands of years in the midst of the eternal frosts of Siberia.

While science could indicate no more certain signs of death than these, we may understand the efforts made since the work of Hufeland appeared, to multiply the precautions which ought to be preserved at burials. But happily we have now done groping in the dark for the solution of this mournful problem. One capital fact has been discovered, which will always hereafter distinguish true from supposed death. It is *the continuance of the audible pulsations of the heart.* The means of ascertaining this fact scientifically could not long escape the researches of modern physiology—they are indicated in the memoir of M. Bousquet.

It is but recently that we have known that the application of the ear, whether directly, or by the intervention of the stethescope, to the surface of the chest, permits us to examine the sounds whether normal or pathological, produced by the action of the heart and lungs. This fruitful discovery, which in the hands of M. Laennec has given to the diagnosis of thoracic diseases, an unhoped-for certainty; has been happily borrowed by M. Bousquet in the prosecution of his researches. The author of the prize essay has explored cardiac noises on every occasion that has presented itself. One man had had the radial artery divided by an incised wound; and the resulting hemorrhage had brought on several attacks of syncope in a very brief space of time. The skin had already the whiteness of marble, the pulse was wanting, the whole body insensible. The hand, when applied to the region of the heart, felt the chill and the immobility of death; but the ear perceived a slight noise, repeated at long intervals. The heart, though *ultimum moriens*, was still beating. It is well known that hysteria has frequently simulated death so closely as to give credence to pretended resurrections. When Raulin relates that he suspended the burial of a young hysterical girl, because he found colour in her cheeks, it is probable that had he heard of the discovery of Laennec, and its application to such cases, the life of the poor creature might have been saved.

The existence of pulsations of the heart, even throughout the most appaling attacks of syncope, is not only a fact of great importance in the distinction of real from apparent deaths; it is also an important physiological truth, entirely controverting as it does, the theory of the celebrated professor Frederic Hoffman, who held that syncope was due to the entire suspension of the functions of the heart, and who was supported in this belief by no less a man than Bichât. It is now clearly established by auscultation that the heart is indeed the seat of life; that of all the organs it is the last that ceases to perform it functions, as it is also the first to begin them. Auscultation then is the one infallible guide in all cases of doubtful death; cases, it must be admitted, of frequent occurrence, from the asphyxia of the new-born babe, to the insensibility produced in the adult by cold, by the absorption into the system of poisonous substances, or by any other cause whatever.

But what is the limit which science has affixed to the silence of the heart, before the practitioner is entitled to pronounce sentence of death? To answer this question M. Bousquet assiduously applied himself, and here is the result of his clinical observations. Stand by the bed side of a dying man, and as soon as his breath begins to falter, apply your ear to his precordial region. You will at once find that a loud râle prevents you from hearing the pulsation of the heart; but in the interval that separates two inspirations, or after the last breath has been drawn, you will hear most distinctly the double pulsations, although the pulse may be entirely gone at the wrist. The greatest interval which M. Bous-

quet recognized between two beats was six seconds. M. Rayer heard the heart beat after an interval of seven seconds. The Academy, to avoid the possibility of error, have laid it down that the contractions of the heart have finally ceased, that death is *real*; if the ear, applied during a period of five minutes to all the regions of the chest where the pulsation of the heart are ordinarily recognized, can detect no sound.

The simplicity of this method will very probably disappoint some unscientific readers who may happen to be unacquainted with the wonderful sensation created in the medical profession throughout the world, by the equally simple discovery of M. Laennec. It does indeed seem wonderful, that so simple a test was not known before; that accustomed as mankind have been from the earliest periods to look upon the heart as the fountain of vitality, it was left to M. Bousquet to give to this popular belief a scientific value. But a little reflection will show that until the discovery of auscultation, which is only an affair of yesterday, the certain test which we now have, was impossible. For the pulse may be imperceptible at the wrists, or along the course of every artery, the hand placed over the heart may feel that all within is motionless, and yet the grand vital function may still be going on there, audibly, though not to be felt. Now as many persons have recovered from such a state, it was supposed by Hoffmann and others, that a total cessation of the functions of the heart was compatible with life. And so in endeavouring to distinguish between syncope and death, the condition of the heart was little attended to, because it was supposed to be the same in both cases. But we now know, thanks to auscultation, that this cessation is *apparent* only in syncope, real in death. Of course this would have been discovered long ago, had it occurred to the medical profession to use their ears in studying the audible functions of human life. But this they did not learn, until the nineteenth century brought its Laennec.

THE THREE NUTS.

(Translated from C. Brentano.)

Daniel William Möller, afterwards professor and librarian in Altdorf, lived in the year 1665 in Colmar, being at the time the tutor of the three sons of the Burgomaster Maggi. In the month of October of that year, the Burgomaster had, as a guest, a travelling chemist, and, as it happened that at supper, among other things, some walnuts were placed on the table, the company began to speak of the qualities of this fruit. Möller seeing that his pupils seized the walnuts rather too eagerly, and began to crack one after another with great gusto, gave them the following verse to translate—

Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est."

This they translated thus: "One nut smacketh good, the second injureth, and the third is death." Möller, however, said that this translation could not be correct, as they had already eaten the third nut, and were healthy and well. They must therefore think of some better meaning. Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the chemist rose up hastily from

the table, and shut himself up in his room, to the great astonishment of all who were present. The Burgomaster's youngest son followed the stranger by his father's request to enquire what ailed him. The door of the room was shut, but looking through the key-hole, he saw the stranger on his knees, in tears, and wringing his hands, while he cried vehemently, "Ah, mon dieu, mon dieu!"

The boy had scarcely told his father of this scene, when the stranger sent word to the Burgomaster that he wished for a private interview. Every one else went away. Then the chemist came in, fell on his knees, and weeping, besought the Burgomaster not to betray him to the authorities, and to rescue him from a shameful death. The Burgomaster, greatly moved at his speech, imagined that the man had lost his senses. Raising him from the ground, he told him kindly to explain what he meant by so extraordinary a demeanour. The stranger replied: "Sir, do not dissemble. You and master Möller are aware of my crime; that verse about the three nuts proves it: *the third is death*. Ah! yes, it was a ball of lead, a touch of the finger, and he fell dead. You have concerted together to torment me; you will betray me, and through you I shall lose my head."

The Burgomaster was now convinced of the madness of the chemist, and strove to soothe him by friendly words. He refused however to be comforted, and said "If you do not know it, your tutor at any rate is aware of my secret, for he regarded me with a searching look, as he said "*Tertia mors est.*" The Burgomaster could only entreat him to go quietly to bed, assuring him that neither he nor Möller would betray him, whatever truth there might be in his unhappy position. The stranger however refused to go before Möller was sent for, and until he also swore solemnly not to betray him. The next morning the unhappy man left for Basle, having procured from the tutor a letter of recommendation to a physician in that place. Möller gave him a letter to Dr. Bouhinus, and left it open, in order that his suspicions might not be excited. He left the house in tears, and with repeated entreaties that the Burgomaster would not betray him.

The next year, about the same time, but some three weeks later in the season as the Burgomaster and his family were seated at table, and as it happened, were again eating nuts, and recalling to mind the strange behaviour of the chemist, they were informed that there was a woman at the door. The servant was ordered to show her in. A woman appeared well dressed, and showing the remains of great beauty, though she was apparently in deep distress. The Burgomaster requested her to sit down, and placed before her a glass of wine and some nuts, but no sooner had she seen the fruit, than she seemed greatly agitated, and the tears began to roll down her cheeks, while she ejaculated, "No nuts, no nuts," and saying this, she pushed away the plate from her.

Her strange conduct, and the remembrance of the equally unaccountable behaviour of the chemist the year before caused much wonder. The Burgomaster ordered the servant to remove the nuts, and regretting his ignorance that she had a dislike to them, enquired what business had brought her to his house.

"I am the widow of an apothecary at Lyons," she said, "and wish to reside in Colmar; a cruel destiny has compelled me to leave my native town." The Burgomaster requested to see her passport, in order to assure himself that there was nothing suspicious in the manner in which she had quitted her native country. She showed him her papers, which were in perfect order, and mentioned her as the widow of the apothecary Pierre du Pont, *alias* Pêtre Pontane. She also produced several certificates from persons of the medical profession in Montpellier, to the effect that she was in the possession of the recipes of many excellent medicines.

The Burgomaster promised her his support, and requested her to follow him into his private room, where he would write her letters of recommendation to some of the physicians and apothecaries of the town. As he led the woman upstairs, and was conducting her across the passage, when she became suddenly so agitated at the sight of a picture drawn by a child, that the Burgomaster was afraid that she would faint. He took her, quickly into his room, and she sank down in a chair in tears.

The Burgomaster being unaware of the cause of her emotion, asked her what ailed her: she replied, "Sir, how is it that you are acquainted with my woful story? who sketched that picture over the door, which we passed just now?" The Burgomaster then called to mind the drawing, and said, "It is the work of my youngest son, who delights in thus recording whatever has made a deep impression on him." The boy, who had seen the chemist on his knees, and wringing his hands, had painted a picture, representing him in this position, with three nuts over him, and the verse—

"*Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est;*"

and having completed the design, had hung it over the door of the room in which the chemist had slept.

"How can your son be acquainted with the dreadful story of my husband?" pursued the woman. "How can he know that which I would wish ever to conceal, and which has been the cause of my quitting my native land?"

"Your husband?" said the astonished Burgomaster. "Is the chemist Todenus your husband? I thought from your passport that you were the widow of the apothecary Pierre du Pont."

"I am," answered the woman, "but the position in which the subject of the picture is represented, the fatal speech, and the nuts over him, prove too plainly that it is my husband."

The Burgomaster then related to her what had happened, whilst the chemist was in his house, and enquired why, if he were her husband, he had come to him under an assumed name.

"Sir," replied the woman, "I perceive that fate will not allow my disgrace to be concealed. I expect from your right feeling that you will not suffer my misfortune to act to my prejudice. Hear my story. My husband, the apothecary Pierre du Pont, was well to do in the world, and would have been even rich, had he not spent all his money in the pursuit of alchemy. I was young, and had the misfortune to be very beautiful. I was not frivolous; I was only unhappy; for however designedly ill I might dress, it was supposed to be a new mode, and I was bewitching; wherever I went or stood, I was surrounded by admirers. I could not sleep for serenades, was obliged to keep a servant to return presents and billets doux, and had constantly to discharge my domestics who were bribed to corrupt me.

"Two Assistants of my husband poisoned one another, because each had discovered that the other was a nobleman, who out of love for me, had entered into my service under a feigned name. From all this I derived nothing but misery and wretchedness, and had it not been for the delight which my husband showed in my appearance, I should have taken means to disfigure myself. I often asked him whether he could not be contented with the possession of my heart and mind, and I entreated him to allow me to mar that fatal beauty which had caused so much unhappiness, but he replied, 'Fair Amelia, I should despair, could I no longer behold thy lovely face; I should be the most unhappy of men if, after having toiled the live-long day in my laboratory, I could no more refresh myself with the sight of thy countenance.

Thou art the light of my existence,' and even if after a hard day's work I see all my hopes disappear up the chimney of my workshop, they revived again at the sight of thy beauty.' He loved me tenderly, but God did not bless our loves, for we had no children. As I one day imparted to him my sorrow on this head, he frowned and said, 'If God so wills, and all my exertions are not thrown away, this happiness also will be vouchsafed to us.' One evening he came home late, and related to me with great joy that he had been discoursing with a deeply skilled adept, who had taken great interest in him and me, and that our wishes would shortly be fulfilled. I understood him not.

"Shortly after midnight, I was awakened by a noise. I saw my room full of bright flying beetles. I could not conceive how such a number of these insects could have entered the room. I awakened my husband, and asked him what this could mean. Just then I saw on my toilet table a beautiful venetian glass, full of the prettiest flowers, and by its side several pairs of silk stockings, Paris shoes, scented gloves, ribbands, and such like things. It occurred to me that the morrow was my birth day, and I imagined that my husband had shown me this attention, for which I thanked him heartily. He assured me, however, with the most solemn assertions, that he knew nothing about the presents, and for the first time the wildest jealousy took root in his mind. He implored me at first most tenderly, and then in anger, to declare to him who had brought me these things; I wept, and could not tell him. He would not believe me; ordered me to rise; and I was forced to search through the whole house with him, but we found no one. He demanded the key of my writing desk, and looked through all my papers and letters, but discovered nothing. The day broke, and I was drowned in tears. My husband left me in a very ill humour, and betook himself to his laboratory. I threw myself down exhausted on my bed, and thought with bitter tears on the occurrence of the night. I could not conceive who had brought all this to pass, and cursed my ill-fated beauty, as I regarded myself in the looking glass which stood opposite to the bed. As I gazed, I chanced to see in the looking-glass a paper, which was in one of the shoes which were on the toilet table; I seized it hastily, and read in great agitation the following note :—

'Dearest Amelia,—My misfortunes are greater than ever Hitherto I have been compelled to avoid thee, and now I must flee the land in which thou livest. I have stabbed in a duel an officer of my garrison, who boasted of thy favours; I am pursued, and am here in disguise. To-morrow is thy birth day. I must see thee, and for the last time. This evening thou wilt find me outside the gate of the town, in the small copse under the walnut trees, about a hundred paces to the right of the road. If thou canst bring me some money to aid me, God will repay thee. I could not refrain from spending the last few Louis d'or in my possession, in order to buy thee the birth-day present, which thou seest. Thou shalt hear from me how I sent it to thee, and what I have undergone: thou must be silent, and come, or my corpse will be brought to-morrow to thy house! Thine unhappy

'Louis.'

"I read these lines with the greatest sorrow. I could not help seeing him, for I loved him unspeakably, and must lose him for ever."

The Burgomaster here smiled, and shook his head, saying, "I see then, Madam, that you did feel a tender sentiment for a stranger."

The woman answered calmly, "Yes, sir, but do not condemn me, ere you have heard my story to the end. I collected during the day all I possessed in the shape of money and trinkets, and packed them in a bundle, which towards evening I gave to my maid to carry for me

to a bagino in the vicinity of the gate which Louis had mentioned. There was nothing remarkable in the road which I had often traversed. When we reached the place, I sent my maid back with directions to get a carriage for me, to be ready at the bagino at nine o'clock, to covey me home. She departed, and I, taking the bundle under my arms, went out of the gate towards the wood where I was expected. I hastened to the appointed spot, and entered the chapel. He flew into my arms; we covered one another with kisses, and wept together on the steps of the altar of the little chapel, shaded by walnut trees. We sat with our arms entwined round each other, and related each to the other our story with tender caresses. He felt convinced that we should see each other no more. The time for parting drew near. It was half past eight o'clock, and the coach was waiting. I gave him the money and the jewels, and he said to me, 'Amelia, I should have shot myself last night at thy beside, but the sight of thy beauty disarmed me. I climbed into thy room through the open window, and let fly in a number of cockchafers which I had collected on my journey, and which I knew thou wast fond of. I there laid down the new shoes and stockings, taking away those which thou hadst worn. Thy husband slept on in a troubled slumber. I spoke to him yesterday as he met me in the wood while botanising. As I was collecting flowers to form a nosegay for thee, he imagined that my tastes were similar to his, and we fell into a conversation about alchymy. I told him of a secret which a monk had imparted to me, with whom I lodged one night in Provence, and which consisted in distilling, by certain mysterious chemical means, a human being out of a glass. Thy good husband took all this as Gospel, embraced me, and requested me to pay him a visit. Little did he think that I should visit him that very night in so strange a manner. How much do I grieve that thou art childless, and the wife of such a fool.' I was irritated against my husband on account of his jealous proceedings the night before, and said also, 'Yes, I know he is a fool.' But the time for separation had arrived, and I threw my arm round him, crying, 'Farewell, my dearest Louis; see how quickly this brief space of meeting has flown by. So also will pass away this wretched state of existence. Have patience; all will soon be at an end.' He then broke off three walnuts from a tree near the chapel, and said, 'Let us cut these nuts as a lasting remembrance, and as often as we see such nuts, let us think of one another.' He cracked the first nut, divided it with me, and kissed me tenderly. 'Ah,' said he, 'an old rhyme occurs to me, commencing *nica* "*Unux prodest*," one nut tasteth well, but this is not true, for we are about to part; the ensuing words are truer, "*Nocet altera*," the second injureth; it is true, for we must leave one another!' He then embraced me, and as he divided the third nut, said, 'In this, at any rate, the proverb is true. Ah Amelia, forget me not, pray for me, "*tertia mors est*," the third is death! ——' A report was heard, and Louis fell at my feet, "*Tertia mors est!*" screamed a voice through the window of the chapel. I exclaimed—'Oh God! my brother, my poor brother Louis has been shot.'"

"Almighty God. He was your brother?" exclaimed the Burgomaster. "Yes, it was my brother," replied she, "and guess my horror, when I saw my husband stand before me, as the murderer, with a pistol in his hand. He had still one barrel loaded, and tried to shoot himself, but I wrenched the weapon from him, and threw it into a thicket. Flee, flee I cried, justice pursues thee; thou art a murderer. He was stupified with grief, and would not move. I became aware of the approach of people who had heard the shot, and giving him hastily the money and trinkets which I had destined for my brother, thrust him out of the chapel.

"I now gave full vent to my cries, and the people who arrived, some of whom knew me, carried me half distracted home. The corpse of my brother was brought to the Rathhans, and a strict investigation was set on foot. Happily for me I was smitten by a fierce fever, which deprived me of my senses so long, that before I recovered them, my husband was beyond the limits of the Kingdom. No one doubted that he was the murderer, because he disappeared that very evening. Calumny now attacked me with its bitter tongue. I will not repeat all that was said of me by women who envied my beauty, or the scandalous stories of men who could find no fault in me but my virtue. Suffice it to say that I was trodden in the dust, and through grief and anguish nearly lost my senses. I procured the administration of my husband's affairs in accordance with the contents of a will which he had executed in my favour, and withdrew for many years into a religious house. At length scandal ceased to rage, and I occupied myself in preparing medicines for the sick people whom the nuns tended."

"Your misfortune touches me," interposed the Burgomaster; "but the manner in which you spoke of the conduct of your brother gave me the impression that he was rather your lover than your brother."

"Oh, sir," said the stranger, "that is the chief cause of my misery. He loved me with greater affection than was befitting, but strove manfully to resist the evil effect of my beauty. He frequently never saw me for years together, and even refrained from writing to me, but this time necessity had driven him, and he could not resist seeing me. My husband did not know him, and I had married him in order to avoid my brother's love. Alas! it was ended by his death! My husband, stung with jealousy, left his laboratory early. The maid told him that I had gone to the bagnio. A suspicion of my infidelity crossed his mind, and taking with him a double barrelled pistol, he followed me to the bagnio. He found me not, but the mistress of the place told him that she had seen me pass through the gate. He then called to mind the stranger whom he had met in the wood, and who had asked after his wife. He remembered that this person was catching cockchafers. His suspicions became certainty; he hastened to the wood, reached the chapel, heard the end of our conversation '*Tertia mors est*,' and committed the fatal deed."

"Oh, the unhappy man!" said the Burgomaster, "where is he? what brings you here? Can you forgive him? Shall we ever see him again."

"We shall not see him again," said the Stranger, "I have forgiven him, but blood for blood. He could never forgive himself. He lived eight years in Copenhagen, at the Court of King Christian the Fourth, as head-chemist, for this Prince was much addicted to the secret sciences. After the death of the King, he wandered about from one court to another, ever pursued by his conscience, and if he saw or heard of nuts, he was dreadfully agitated. At length he came to you, and when he heard the fatal verse, fled to Basle. There he lived, till the nutting season came round, when he again became a prey to grief. His course was run. He travelled to Lyons, and gave himself up to justice. He had a tender interview with me, in which he spoke to me affectionately, and begged my forgiveness. Alas! I had forgiven him long before. He requested me to leave France immediately after his disgraceful death, and to go to Colmar, where he said I should be hospitably received by the worthy Burgomaster. Two days after this he was beheaded in the neighbourhood of the chapel, where the murder had been committed, before an immense concourse of people. He knelt down, broke off three walnuts from the tree which had borne my brother's death fruit, and divided them with me, embracing me tender-

ly. I was then led into the chapel, where I sunk down on my knees in prayer. He however said with a loud voice:

Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est,

and at the last word, a stroke of the sword put an end to his wretched existence. Such is my story.'"

When the unhappy woman had ended her narration, the Burgomaster took her hand and said, "Unhappy lady! be assured that I am deeply moved by your sorrowful story, and will endeavour to the best of my power, to desire the confidence which your husband placed in my probity."

As he spoke thus, and the tears fell from his eyes, he happened to observe a signet ring which the woman had on her hand. He recognized on it a crest which excited his attention. The woman said to him that it was her brothers signet ring, "And his name was—" asked the Burgomaster eagerly—"Prantaz," replied the stranger. "Our father was a SaVoyard, and had a farm in Montpellier."

At this the Burgomaster was much moved. He ran to his desk, and took from it several papers which he began to read. He enquired the age of her brother, and when she replied that had he lived, he would then have been just 46 years old, he cried out joyfully—"Right, you are quite right! he is of exactly that age, for he still lives. Amelia, I am your brother! I was changed in infancy by my nurse for the son of the artisan Maggi. Your brother was not in love with you. It was the son of the Maggi who bore your brother's name, and met with so untimely a fate. Happy am I that I have found you."

The lady could not comprehend this speech, but the Burgomaster proved to her from the deposition of the nurse, when on the bed of death, that this exchange had actually taken place, and she sank in the arms of her newly found brother. She superintended the Burgomaster's household until his death, after which she retired to the nunnery of St. Clara, in Colmar, to which convent she dedicated all her property.

A. B.

THE NOVELS OF CERVANTES.

(Translated from the Original.)

DIALOGUE OF THE DOGS OF THE HOSPITAL OF THE RESURRECTION—SCIPIO AND BERGANZA.

SCIPIO.

"Friend Berganza, let us to-night leave the Hospital, trusting to its being protected*, and retire to this solitude, where, among these mats, we can enjoy, without fear of discovery, this unexampled gift which heaven has conferred upon us both at the same time."

BERGANZA.

"Brother Scipio, I hear thee speak, and I know that I speak to thee, yet I can scarcely credit it, as the fact of our speaking appears to me to surpass the limits of nature."

"Such is the truth, Berganza, and the miracle becomes greater, when we not only discourse, but discourse rationally, as if we were possessed of reason, which is not the case; for the difference between man and the brute animal is that

* In the original "*en guarda de la confianza*"—under the guard of confidence. The meaning is—trusting to the Hospital's being known to be well guarded, and taking the chance of this reputation sufficing for its protection in their absence.

man is a rational animal, and the brute irrational."

BERGANZA.

"All that thou sayest, Scipio, I understand, and that thou speakest, and that I understand thee, fills me with new admiration and new wonder. It is true that in the course of my life I have heard, on many different occasions, our faculties so highly extolled, that some have even been of opinion that we are gifted with a natural instinct, so lively and so keen in many things, as to give indications that very little is wanting to prove that we possess a kind of intellect capable of reasoning."

SCIPIO.

"What I have heard praised, and most highly valued, is our great memory, our gratitude, and great fidelity—so much so, that it is the custom to represent us as the symbol of friendship. Thus thou wilt have seen, if thou hast been observant, that on the tombs of alabaster, where are carved the forms of those buried beneath, when the deceased are husband and wife, the figure of a dog is placed at their feet between the two, in token of the friendship and inviolable fidelity they preserved towards each other during life."

BERGANZA.

"I well knew that there have been dogs so faithful, that they have cast themselves into the same graves with the dead bodies of their masters. Others have seated themselves on the sepulchres where their lords were entombed, never stirring from them, or eating, until the termination of their lives. I also know that, after the elephant, the dog occupies the first place as regards intelligence, then the horse, and lastly the ape."

SCIPIO.

"Such is the case; but thou must confess that thou hast neither seen, nor heard it said, that any elephant, dog, horse or ape, ever spoke; from which I gather that our being gifted with speech, so unexpectedly, falls under the category of those things called portents; and when these make their appearance, experience proves that some great calamity menaces the people."

BERGANZA.

"In this way it would not be much if I were to consider as a portentous sign what I heard a student say, passing by Alcala de Henares."

SCIPIO.

"What didst thou hear him say?"

BERGANZA.

"That out of five thousand students who attended the University that year, two thousand studied medicine."

SCIPIO.

"Well, and what dost thou infer from that?"

BERGANZA.

"I infer that, either these two thousand students must have sick people to cure, which would be a most dire calamity, or that they must die of hunger."

SCIPIO.

"Be it as it may, portent or not, we converse; for, what Heaven has ordained, no effort of human wisdom can prevent, so that we need not dispute as to how or wherefore we talk. It will be better to enjoy this lucky day or lucky night at home, and since we have so good a one among these mats, and we know not how long our good fortune may last, let us take advantage of it, and talk the whole night without permitting sleep to deprive us of a pleasure coveted by me for a very long time."

BERGANZA.

"And by me too, for since I had strength to gnaw a bone, I longed to speak, in order to give utterance to things that I had committed to memory, and which, from their great number and the time that had elapsed, either got very rusty or were altogether forgotten. But now that I see myself so unexpectedly enriched with the divine

gift of speech, it is my intention to take advantage and enjoy it as much as I can, hastening to relate everything that I may remember, although it be in a hurried and confused manner, for I know not when the boon which I look upon as lent for a time' may be withdrawn from me."

SCIPIO.

"Let it be done in this way, friend Berganza. Recount to me to-night thy life, and the perils thou hast past before arriving at thy present position, and if to-morrow night we retain the faculty of speech, I will relate mine; for it is better to spend the time in telling our histories than in prying into the histories of other people."

BERGANZA.

"I have always considered thee, Scipio, as wise and friendly, and now more so than ever; for as a friend thou desirest to communicate thy adventures, and be made acquainted with mine, and thy wisdom is shown in selecting the proper time to relate them; but see, first, if any one can hear us."

SCIPIO.

"No one, as I believe, except a soldier who is near us, undergoing a course of sudorifics; but he will be far more disposed at this time to sleep than to be listening to any

BERGANZA.

"Well, if I can thus securely speak, listen; and if what I relate should fatigue thee, either take me to task for it, or desire me to be silent."

SCIPIO.

"Speak until the day dawns, or until we are heard. I will listen to thee with the greatest pleasure, without interrupting thee, unless I see a necessity for so doing."

BERGANZA.

"Methinks that the first time I gazed upon the sun, it was in Seville, and in its slaughter-house, which is outside the Puerta de la Carne, from which I might have inferred—were it not for what I will hereafter tell thee—that my parents must have been mastiffs of the kind bred by those high-priests of that disorderly place who are denominated butchers. The first master that I knew was named Nicolas el Romo, (the flat nosed) a robust youth, strong and choleric, as are all those who work in the shambles. The said Nicolas taught me and other puppies, accompanied by old mastiffs, to attack the bulls, and seize them by the ears. In this I succeeded very easily, and became a perfect adept at the work."

SCIPIO.

"That does not surprize me, Berganza, for as evil doing comes as naturally as the harvest, so it is very easy to learn it."

BERGANZA.

"What things could I tell thee, brother Scipio, that I have seen in those shambles? and what astounding events are of common occurrence there? First, thou hast to understand that all from the youngest to the oldest, who work in them, are people of great width of conscience, merciless, fearing neither king nor law court, and the most of them living in concubinage. They are as carnivorous as birds of prey. They support themselves and their female friends by robbery. Every morning, on slaughtering days, before the dawn, an immense multitude of wenches and boys crowd to the shambles, bringing with them bags, which coming empty, return filled with pieces of meat, the girls carrying away nearly whole pieces of loin and other delicate parts. Not an ox is killed without these people levying tithes, and first fruits selected from the best and most savoury portions. As in Seville there are no meat contractors,* every one brings the cattle he

* In Spain it is a very general custom to give a monopoly of the meat market to any party who undertakes to supply the public at the cheapest rate. This is done by public auction,' sometimes daily, sometimes weekly, and the owners of cattle bid against each other to obtain the privilege of supplying the public exclusively. The butchers at the shambles are paid so much a head for slaughtering They have nothing to do with the sale of their

pleases, and the slaughter commences either with the highest or the lowest quality, and with this arrangement there is always great abundance. The owners implore the protection of these worthy people that I speak of—not to refrain from robbing them, for that is impossible—but to be moderate in the slices, and the cunning tricks they practice on the slaughtered cattle, which they prune and pare as if they were willows or vines. But nothing surprized me more, or appeared to me worse, than to see these butchers kill a man with the same readiness as they would kill a cow. For the veriest trifle, in the twinkling of an eye, they stick a yellow handled knife into the belly of a human being as if they were mazarding a bull. It is a miracle if a day passes without fights or wounds, and sometimes deaths. All plume themselves on their bravery, and they are even given to some of the practices of bullies. There is not one without a protector in the Square of St. Francis, bribed with loins and ox tongues. Finally, I have heard a person of good judgment say that the king had three places in Séville to bring under his control—the Calle de la Caza, the Costanilla,* and the Shambles."

SCIPIO.

"If in relating the characters of the masters thou hast had, and the faults of their craft, thou art to be so dilatory, friend Berganza, as thou hast been this time, it will be necessary to petition heaven to grant us the use of speech for at least a year. Even then I fear that at the pace thou art proceeding thou wilt not reach the half of thy history. There is one thing I wish to bring to thy notice, the truth of which thou wilt experience when I relate to thee the events of my life, and it is that some tales contain the germs of excellence within themselves, and others owe their excellence to the manner of recounting them—I mean to say there are some stories, although told without preambles or ornaments of rhetoric, that are very pleasing. Others there are that require to be clothed in fine language, and derive great assistance from the movements of hands, the modulations of voice, and the gesticulations of countenance, so that an indifferent tale, from being weak and languid, is made witty and pleasing. Do not forget to take advantage of this advice in what remains for thee to tell.

BERGANZA.

"I will do so if I can, and if the strong temptation I have to talk gives me an opportunity, although it does appear to me that I will have very great difficulty in keeping myself in hand."

SCIPIO.

"Keep control over thy tongue, for it is the cause of the greatest evils to mankind."

BERGANZA.

"Well, then, I must tell thee that my master taught me to carry a basket in my mouth, and to defend it against any one attempting to take it from me. He also showed me the house of his mistress, which enabled her to dispense with the attendance of the servant girl at the shambles, for very early in the morning I conveyed to her every thing he had stolen during the night. One day, about the dawn, when I was diligently carrying her share to her, I heard some one call me by name from a window. I raised my eyes, and saw a young woman, extremely beautiful. I halted for a short time, and she came down to the street door, and again called me. I approached her to learn what she wanted, which was nothing else than to take from me every thing that was in the basket, and put in their place an old clog. Then, said I to myself, the flesh has gone to the flesh. The young woman, after hav-

meat. This system frequently causes a scarcity in the supply. In Seville, where there was *free trade*, Cervantes informs us, the supply was abundant.

* A street on a declivity in Seville, where fairs were held.

ing deprived me of the meat, exclaimed—"Be off with you, Gavilan, (sparrow hawk,) or whatever your name may be, and tell your master, the flat-nosed Nicolas, to place no trust in animals, and that we take from the basket of the stingy whatever we can get."* I could easily have retaken from her what she had deprived me of, but I refrained, not wishing to defile, with my filthy, blood-stained mouth, those clean and fair hands.

"Thou actedst very properly, as it is the privilege of beauty to be always held in respect."

BERGANZA.

"I did so, and returned to my master without the meat, and with the clog. It struck him that I had returned very quickly. He looked at the clog, divined the trick, and taking out his yellow handled knife, aimed a stab at me, which, had I not avoided, thou wouldst never have heard either this story, nor the many others that I intend to relate to thee. I took to my heels, and pursuing the road behind St. Bernard, as fast as legs and feet could carry me, I scoured across those plains of God, wherever fortune might carry me.

"I slept that night under the canopy of heaven, and next day my good luck led me to a fold or flock of sheep and cattle. The moment I saw it, I believed that I had found the perfection of a resting place, it appearing to me to be the proper and natural business of dogs to watch over cattle, a business distinguished by the great virtue of favouring and protecting the humble and the weak against the proud and the powerful. Scarcely was I perceived by one of three shepherds who guarded the flock, when shouting *To, To,*† he called me to him. I, who desired nothing else, approached him, hanging down my head and wagging my tail. He patted me on the back, opened my mouth, expectorated in it, examined my tusks, found out my age, and then told the other shepherds that I had all the points of a dog of good breed. At this moment the master of the cattle arrived, trotting on a grey mare. He was equipped with lance and shield, so that he looked more like a coast guard than a cattle owner. He said to the shepherd, 'What dog is this that has every appearance of being a good one?'

"'Your worship may well believe that,' replied the shepherd, 'I have examined him well, and there is not a point about him that does not promise and demonstrate that he must be a first-rate dog. He came here just now, and I do not know to whom he belongs, although I do know that he does not belong to any of the cattle folds in the neighbourhood.'

"'This being the case,' said the master, 'put on him the collar of Leoncillo, the dog that died, and give him the same rations as the others. Be as kind to him as you possibly can, that he may take a liking to the fold, and henceforth remain in it.'

"Saying this, he went away, and the shepherd fastened on my neck a mastiff's collar, stuck full of sharp steel spikes, having first given me a great quantity of milk porridge in a trough. At the same time he gave me a name, calling me Barcino. I found myself well fed, and was well pleased with my second master, and my new business. I guarded the flock with the greatest diligence and care, never separating from it, except to sleep the *siesta*, which I was accus-

* In the original "*del lobo un pelo, y ese de la espuerta.* The phrase "*del lobo un pelo, y ese de la frente*" is very common in Spain, and means literally "from the wolf a hair, and that from the forehead." The origin of the phrase I do not know, but its metaphorical signification is "to take from the stingy anything he will give." Cervantes very wittily substitutes the word "*espuerta*," the dog's basket, for "*frente*," the forehead. This is one of the passages to which no translator can do justice.

† "*To, To*—abbreviation of *Toma, Toma*—take it, take it. Phrase used in Spain to call a dog."

tomed to do sometimes beneath the shade of a tree, or overhanging bank, or rock; sometimes under a bush, or on the banks of one of the many rivulets that run near that spot. These, hours of repose were not passed in idleness, for I exercised the memory in recalling to mind many things, especially the life that I led in the shambles, and the life that my master led, and that of all those who, like him, are compelled to comply with the unreasonable freaks of their female friends. Oh! what things could I now tell thee that I learned in the school of that slaughter-house dame of my master; but I must preserve silence regarding them, lest thou takest me for a long-tongued censurer."

SCIPIO.

"As I have heard that a great poet among the ancients said that it was difficult to refrain from writing satires, I will consent to thy censuring lightly, but not mischievously; by which I mean that thou mayest indicate, but not wound nor scoff at any one in a marked manner; for detraction is not good, should it even cause great laughter, if it distresses any one; and if thou canst please without it, I will look upon thee as very discreet."

BERGANZA.

"I will take thy advice, and I will wait with great anxiety the time to arrive for thee to relate thy adventures; for he who so well understands, and can correct the faults of my narrative, will be able to relate his own in a manner to instruct and delight at the same time." But, to re-unite the broken thread of my story, I must tell thee that in the silence and solitude of my *siestas*, I bethought me, among other things, that it could not be true what I had heard tell of the lives of shepherds, at least of those shepherds of whom the dame of my master used to read in certain books when I went to her house. All these books treated of shepherds and shepherdesses, relating how they spent their lives singing and playing upon flageolets, bagpipes, lutes hautboys, and other extraordinary instruments. I lingered to hear her read how the shepherd of Anfriso sang in divinest style, lauding the peerless Belisarda; how in all the woods of Arcadia there was not a single tree on whose trunk he had not sat, singing from the time that the sun rose in the arms of Aurora, till he set in those of Thetis; how even after night had spread her black and gloomy wings over the face of the earth, he ceased not to pour forth in song his plaintive sorrows. She forgot not to read of the shepherd Elicio, more amorous than valiant, who, it is said, neglected his loves and his flocks, to attend to the woes of others. She related also how the great shepherd of Filida, the unique delineator of a poetical portrait, had been more confiding than fortunate. Of the faintings of Sireno, and the repentance of Diana, she said she gave thanks to God, and the sage Felicia, who with her enchanted water unravelled that heap of entanglements, and she adored that labyrinth of difficulties. I remembered many other books of this description which I heard her read, but they were not worthy of being re-called to memory.

SCIPIO.

"Thou goest on, Berganza, profiting by my advice; critcize, strike and pass on, and let thy intention be pure, although it may not appear in thy language.

BERGANZA.

"In these matters the tongue never trips, unless the intention fails first, but if perchance from carelessness or malice I should be guilty of detraction, I will reply to any one who may reprimand me, what Manleon, a silly poet, and professor of jests in the Academy of mimics, replied to one who asked him, what was the meaning of *Deum de Deo?* he answered that it meant *de donde diere.**

* "*De donde diere,*" is a phrase used to denote the doing or saying any thing inconsiderately. I do not see the wit of the reply, and am very much of Scipio's opinion that it was the reply of a simpleton.

SCIPIO.

"That was the answer of a simpleton; but thou, if thou art discreet or desirest to be so, will never say a thing that requires an apology. Go on with thy story."

BERGANZA.

"All the thoughts that I have communicated to thee, and many more, were suggested to me by the different manners and ways of my shepherds, and all the rest of the same class, from those shepherds of whom I had heard read of in books; because if mine sung, they were not songs well composed or well tuned, but such as "*Cata el lobo, Do va Juanica.*" "Look to the wolf, Where goeth Juanica," and others of the same description. These too were sung, not with the accompaniment of hautboys, lutes or flageolets, but to the sound that one crook makes when struck against another, or to that of a few small tiles clashed together between the fingers. Nor were the voices good, delicate or musical, but so rough, that, whether alone, or together, they sounded, not as if they were singing, but screaming or groaning. They passed the greater part of the day cleaning themselves from vermin, or mending their coarse leather sandals. Nor among them were any named Amarilis, Filida, Galatea or Diana. There were no Lisardos, Lausos, Jacintos or Riselos; they were all Antonys, Domingos, Pauls or Llorentes, from which I concluded that all these books were works of imagination, written for the amusement of the idle, and had not a word of truth in them; for if they were true, there would have been among my shepherds some traces of that most felicitous life, those pleasant meadows, spacious woods, sacred groves, beautiful gardens, pellucid streams, and crystalline fountains; some of those love passages so virtuous and so well worded—here a shepherd swooning, there a shepherdess, thither the sound of a pipe, and hither that of a flageolet.

SCIPIO.

"Enough, Berganza, return to thy path, and get on with thy story."

BERGANZA.

"I am obliged to thee, friend Scipio, for if thou hadst not admonished me, my mouth was warming with my subject to such an extent, that I would not have stopped until I had described to thee a book full of those things which had deceived me so much; but a time will come when I will relate the whole in a more copious and better style than at present."*

SCIPIO.

"Look to thy feet, and thou wilt unravel the knot, Berganza—by which I mean that thou shouldst take into consideration that thou art an animal, destitute of reason, and if at present thou givest proof of possessing a little, remember we have ascertained that it is a supernatural and unheard of event."

BERGANZA.

"That might be the case, if I were as ignorant as at first; but now that I have recalled to my recollection all that I intended to relate to thee from the commencement of our conversation, my wonder is, not that I speak so much, but that I leave so much unspoken."

SCIPIO.

"Well, canst thou not tell me now the things thou rememberest."

BERGANZA.

"It is a certain adventure that happened to me with a great witch, the disciple of Camacha de Montilla."

SCIPIO.

"I request thee to tell it before proceeding with the history of thy life."

BERGANZA.

"That will I not do for certain, until the proper time. Be patient and listen to my adventures in their order, as in this way they will give

* An allusion to Cervantes' intended continuation of the Galatea, which he never continued.

thee greater pleasure, unless thou art tired and desirest to know the middle before the beginning.'

SCIPIO.

"Be brief, and relate what thou choosest, and in the way that thou choosest.

BERGANZA.

"I must tell thee then that I liked well the business of guarding the flock, as it appeared to me that I ate the bread of my own toil and labour, and that I had nothing to do with idleness, the root and mother of all the vices; for although I took rest in the day time, I slept not during the night, as the wolves were constantly assailing us, and compelling us to run to the defence. The shepherds would scarcely have shouted "At the wolf Barcino," when I, foremost of all the dogs, rushed to the spot where the wolf had been pointed out to me. I scoured the valleys, explored the hills, dived into the woods, leaped over precipices, crossed the high roads, and in the morning returned to the fold, breathless, tired to death, and my feet cut open with the splintered branches of trees, without having seen a wolf or the traces of one. On my arrival at the fold, I found either a dead sheep, or a ram throttled, and half devoured by the wolf. I was in a state of desperation at finding of how little use were my great care and labours. The master of the flock would come, and the shepherds would turn out to receive him with the skins of the dead cattle. He reproached the shepherds for their negligence, and ordered the dogs to be punished for their idleness. Cudgel blows rained upon us, and reproofs upon them. One day, seeing that I had been chastised without any fault, and that all my care, swiftness, and courage were of no avail to catch the wolf, I determined to change my tactics. I would not, as had been my custom, go in search of him at a distance from the flock, but lie in wait close to it, and as the wolf came there, I would be sure to capture him. Every week we were roused to repel a sudden attack, and I fixed upon one very dark night, resolved to see those wolves against which it was impossible to guard the flock. I hid myself beneath a bush—the dogs, my companions, passing on ahead—and from that place I peeped and saw two shepherds seize upon a ram of the best of the sheepfold, and kill him in such a way, that next morning it really appeared as if the wolf had been his executioner. I was astounded, and remained thunderstruck to find that the shepherds were the wolves, and that they slaughtered the cattle which they ought to have protected. They immediately gave notice to the master of the carnage made by the wolf. They gave him the skin, and some of the flesh, and ate themselves the most and the best. The master again reprimanded them, and again the dogs were punished. There were no wolves, but the flock decreased. I was anxious to discover the whole, but I was dumb, and this caused me to marvel, and filled me with affliction. "Good God," said I to myself, "who can put an end to this wickedness? who will ever be able to explain that the defenders are the offenders, that the centinels sleep, that the trusted are the robbers, and that the guards are the slayers?"

SCIPIO.

"Thou sayest well, Berganza, for there is no greater or more skilful thief than the domestic, and so the confiding are sacrificed much more than the suspicious; but the mischief is, that it is impossible for people to get through the world without putting faith and trust in others. But let us drop the matter here, as I do not wish us to appear as preachers—go on with thy story."

BERGANZA.

"To proceed. I determined to leave that business, although it appeared so good, and select another, where in doing my duty, if I were not remunerated, at least I would not be punished. I returned to Se-

ville, and entered the service of a very wealthy shopkeeper."

SCIPIO.

"What methods did you adopt to get a new master? because, according to the usage of the present day, it is very difficult for an honest man to obtain service with a master. The lords of the earth are very different from the Lord of heaven. The first, before receiving a servant, pry into his descent, examine his capabilities, note his neatness of person, and even wish to know what clothes he is possessed of; but to enter the service of God, the poorest is the richest, the most humble of the highest lineage, and if one is only disposed to serve him with a pure heart, he is admitted to the enjoyment of rewards which are so many and so great, that they surpass the desires of the heart."

BERGANZA.

"All this is preaching, friend Scipio."

SCIPIO.

"So it does appear to me, and so I will be silent."

BERGANZA.

"In reply to thy question as to my method of obtaining service, thou knowest that humility is the root and foundation of all the virtues, and that without it there is no virtue. Humility removes obstacles and conquers difficulties, and is ever the sure means to conduct us to noble ends: of enemies she makes friends; she softens the wrath of the passionate, and subdues the arrogance of the proud. She is the mother of modesty, and the sister of temperance. Finally, the vices can gain no victory over her of any importance, for the arrows of sin become blunted and pointless when brought into contact with her meekness and gentleness. Of this quality then I availed myself when I desired to obtain service in any house, having first considered and taken care that the house could support and give admission to a large dog. I then approached the door, and when any one who appeared to me to be a stranger, attempted to enter, I would bark at him, and when the master arrived, I would hang down my head, and wagging my tail move towards him, and lick his shoes with my tongue. If I was driven out with cudgel-blows, I suffered them, and with undiminished gentleness, I would fawn upon the hand that drubbed me. In this way, seeing my obstinacy and my honourable object, the blows were not repeated, and with a little pertinacity I remained in the house. I served well, and in a short time was so well liked, that nobody dismissed me, unless indeed I dismissed myself, or, rather went off. I found a master, in whose house I might perhaps have been to this day if an adverse fate had not persecuted me."

SCIPIO.

"In the very same way that thou hast related did I obtain entrance into the houses of the masters I served, and it would appear as if we had read each other's thoughts."

BERGANZA.

"We have coincided in other things as well as in this, if I mistake not, and I will relate them to you in due season, as I have promised; but now listen to what happened to me, after I left the cattle under the charge of those vagabonds. I returned, as I told you, to Seville, which is the asylum of the poor, and the refuge of the outcast, in whose vastness not only is there room for the humble, but even the great do not attract attention. I approached the door of a great house belonging to a shopkeeper. I exerted myself in the usual way, and in a short time remained in it. They took me in and tied me behind the door during the day, and let me loose during the night. I did my duty with great care and assiduity. I barked at strangers, and growled at those that were little known. I slept not during the night, prowling through courtyards, ascending terraces, and keeping a general watch over my own and other peoples' houses. My master was so well pleased with my good services, that he ordered me to be well treated, a ration of bread to

be given to me, and also the bones that were taken away or thrown from his table, along with the leavings of the kitchen. I showed my gratitude for all this by continually leaping about whenever I saw my master, and particularly when he came home I made so many demonstrations of joy, and leaped about so wildly, that my master ordered me to be untied, and permitted to go loose both day and night. When I found myself liberated, I ran to him, and coursed round him, not daring to touch him with my paws, as I remembered the fable of Æsop, where that jackass was such an ass as to attempt to caress his master in the same way as did a little pet dog of his, and earned for himself a sound drubbing. It appeared to me that in this fable we are given to understand that the accomplishments and pleasantries of some do not appear well in others. Let the buffoon scoff, the juggler tumble and exhibit tricks of sleight-of-hand; let the rogue counterfeit the braying of an ass, and the low fellow, who has applied himself to it, imitate the singing of birds, and the various grimaces and actions of beasts and men, but let not the man of good birth do these things, for he can derive no credit or honor from a knowledge of such tricks."

SCIPIO.

"Enough, Berganza, go on, for I understand thee."

BERGANZA.

"Would to God that, as thou understandest me, those that I intend it for would understand me also, for there is something—I know not what it is—in my nature that afflicts me greatly when I see a gentleman become a thimble rigger, and boast of his dexterous play with the cups and the nuts, and that no one can rival him in dancing the *chacona*. I know a gentleman that prided himself on having, at the solicitations of a sacristan, cut out in paper thirty-two flowers to place on a monument covered with black cloth, and to these cuttings he attached so much value, that he would take his friends to see them, as if he were taking them to see the banners and spoils of enemies, placed on the tombs of his fathers and forefathers.

This shopkeeper* then had two sons, the one twelve and the other about fourteen years of age, who studied grammar in the school of the Jesuits. They went in a very ostentatious manner, accompanied by a tutor and pages who carried their books, and the one that is called the *Vademecum*. On seeing them go with so much pomp, using chairs if the sun was powerful, or carriages if it rained, I could not help reflecting on, and contrasting the plain style in which their father went to the Exchange to transact his business; for he took no other servant with him than a negro, and sometimes he condescended to go on a little mule, not even well caparisoned."

SCIPIO.

"Thou must know, Berganza, that it is the custom and fashion of the shopkeepers of Seville, and even of other cities, to exhibit their authority and wealth, not in their own persons, but in those of their sons; for the shopkeepers are greater in their shadows than in themselves, and as they scarcely, by any chance, attend to anything but their dealings and contracts, they live in a simple manner. But as they long to manifest their wealth and ambition, they find a vent for them with their sons, whom they treat and exalt as if they were the sons of princes; and some there are who obtain for them titles, and those insignia to place on their breasts, which distinguish so much people of rank from plebeians."

BERGANZA.

"It is ambition, but a noble ambition, which impels men to better their condition without injury to others."

* I have translated the word "*mercuder*," shopkeeper, which is its true meaning, now, but it is probable, that in the days of Cervantes, the word was applied to merchants of all classes, as the *mercader* of the dialogue is represented going to the Exchange, and transacting his business. Also the wealth, pride and ambition of the other *mercaders*, and their obtaining titles for their sons, would seem to indicate a higher class than shopkeepers.

SCIPIO.

"Rarely or never are the ends of ambition attained without injury to others."

BERGANZA.

"We have already agreed not to be too severe in our criticisms."

SCIPIO.

"Well, I am not criticising any one."

BERGANZA.

"Now am I confirmed in the truth of what I have very often heard. A mendacious backbiter has scarcely completed the ruin of ten families, and loaded with calumnies twenty honest men, when, if any one calls him to account for what he has said, he replies that he has said nothing, and if he did say anything, he did not intend to do any harm, and if he had thought that any one would have taken offence, he would not have said it. By my faith, Scipio, the man who attempts to carry on two hours of conversation without touching on the limits of slander, must have a great deal of knowledge, and be very much on his guard. Why, I find in myself, animal as I am, that I have hardly delivered myself of a few arguments when words crowd to my tongue, like flies to wine, and all of them slanderous and malicious. I therefore repeat what I have before said, that we inherit evil deeds and evil speech from our first parents, and imbibe it in our milk. This is clearly seen in the child who has scarcely liberated his arm from his bandages, when he raises his hand, endeavouring to revenge himself upon any one who may appear to have offended him, and almost the first articulate word that he speaks is to call his mother or his nurse a jade."

SCIPIO.

"That is true, and I confess my error, and beg thee to pardon me, as I have pardoned thee often. Let us throw these little hairs into the sea, as the boys say,* and let us slander no more. Pursue thy tale which thou leftest off after describing the pomp with which the sons of the shopkeeper, thy master, went to the school of the Company of Jesus."

BERGANZA.

"To Him I commend myself under every circumstance. Although I hold it to be a very difficult thing to leave off scandal, yet I am thinking of trying a remedy which I heard was resorted to by a great swearer, who, repenting his evil habit, gave himself a pinch on the arm, or kissed the ground as a punishment for his fault every time that he swore after his repentance; but with all this he continued to swear.

In like manner every time that I break through the precept thou hast given me, and my own resolution not to slander, I will bite the point of my tongue, so as to pain me, and warn me against committing the same fault again."

SCIPIO.

"Thy remedy is of such a nature, that if thou stickest to it, I expect that thou wilt bite thy tongue so often, that thou wilt remain without one, and so be deprived of the power of slandering."

BERGANZA.

"At all events I will, on my part, do my best, and may heaven supply what is wanting. In continuation of my story, I must tell thee that the sons of my master one day left a portfolio in the court yard, where I happened to be at the same time, and as I was accustomed to carry the basket of my master the butcher, I seized the *Vademecum*, and followed them with the intention of not letting it go until I reached the school. Every thing turned out as I desired, for my masters, who saw me come with the *Vademecum* in my mouth, holding it carefully by the strings, ordered one of their pages

* "*Echemos pelillos a la mar*" is a phrase used when parties are reconciled after a quarrel and wish the past to be forgotten. It is derived from a custom of Spanish boys who bound themselves to keep faith to each other by pulling a hair out of their heads, blowing it away and exclaiming "*pelillos a la mar*."

to take it from me, but I did not allow it, nor did I let it go until I entered the school-room, where my appearance caused great laughter among the students. I approached the eldest of my masters, and, in my own opinion, placed the book with the greatest courtesy in his hands, and remained seated on my hams near the door of the school-room, gazing at and intently examining the professor, who was reading in the chair. I cannot understand what secret power lies in virtue, for although I possessed little or nothing of it, I at once derived pleasure from contemplating the affectionate behaviour, the solicitude and industry which those good fathers and masters employed in teaching those children, guiding the inexperienced steps of their youth, that they might not be led to evil ways, or go astray from the path of virtue which they taught to them in common with other branches of learning. I remarked how they reproved them with gentleness, chastised them with mercy, roused them by example, stimulated them with rewards, and exercised a wise forbearance towards them. Finally, I observed, how they described to them the hideous deformity of vice, and painted in glowing colors the beauty of virtue, that, by abhorring the one, and loving the other, they might attain the object for which they were created."

SCIPIO.

"Thou sayest well, Berganza, for I have heard it alleged of that holy people, that as statesmen there are none so prudent in the whole world, and that as guides and leaders of the road to heaven there are few to equal them. They are mirrors from whence are reflected purity, true doctrine, singular wisdom, and, finally, profound humility, the basis upon which is raised the whole fabric of happiness."

BERGANZA.

"It is all as thou describest; but to pursue my story. I must tell thee that my masters were well pleased that I should carry the *Vademecum* for them, which I did with great good will. In this way I passed the life of a king, and even better, for it was a very easy one, as the students got into the habit of amusing themselves with me, and I became so tame with them, that they would put their hands into my mouth, and the little ones would mount on my back. They used to throw away their bonnets and hats, and I would bring them back to them in the cleanest manner, and with demonstrations of the greatest delight. They used to give me as many things to eat as they could, and it was great amusement to them, when they gave me nuts or filberts, to see me crack them like a monkey, throwing away the shells and eating the kernels. There were some who, to test my dexterity, brought me in a handkerchief a great quantity of salad, which I ate like a human being. It was the winter season, at which time, in Seville, the manchets and butter-cakes are in greatest perfection, and I was so well supplied with them, that more than two Antony's* were pawned or sold in order that I might breakfast. Finally, I led the life of a student without hunger or the itch, which is the highest eulogium that can be made upon its excellence, for if the itch and hunger were not so inseparable from the condition of students, no other life could be compared to theirs for pleasure and pastime, as virtue and enjoyment go hand in hand, and their youth is spent in learning and in recreation. From this glorious state of repose I was ousted by a lady, who, I believe, is called in these parts, reason of state. When her exigencies are to be complied with, they must be made patent by many other kinds of reasons. It happened that those masters thought that the half hour allowed between each lesson was spent by the students, not in going over their lessons, but in playing with me, and so they ordered my masters not

* Probably the name of a book.

to take me any more to the school. They obeyed, took me home, and consigned me to the old place of watch at the door, and the old gentleman, having forgot the favour he had accorded to me of running about loose night and day, they again chained me by the neck, and placed me on a little mat that was laid behind the door for me. Ah, friend Scipio, if thou knewest how cruel are the sufferings in passing from a happy to an unhappy state! I tell thee that when misery and misfortunes have been of long duration, and without interruption, death speedily puts an end to them, or if not, their continuation renders their endurance a custom or habit from which is derived some alleviation during their greatest rigour; but when from an unhappy and miserable condition, one passes suddenly and unexpectedly to the enjoyment of one of prosperity, happiness, and joy, and from that again, in a short time, returns to his former state, and his former hardships aud miseries, then is the anguish so severe, that if it does not destroy life, it makes life intolerable. Finally, I tell thee, that I returned to my coarse dog-rations, and to the bones which were cast to me by a negress of the house, and even these were decimated by two tabby cats, which being loose and agile, found it easy to take from me all that did not fall on the spot to which my chain extended. Brother Scipio, may Heaven grant thee all the good thou mayest desire, if thou wilt permit me, without being annoyed, to philosophize a little; for if I omitted to relate to thee thoughts that occurred to me at the time, and which at this moment have returned to my memory, it appears to me that my story would not be complete, or in any way profitable."

SCIPIO.

"Beware, Berganza, that it be not a temptation of the devil that longing to philosophize, which thou sayest, has come over thee; for detraction has no better veil to cover and conceal its licentious wickedness, than when the detractor persuades himself that all his sayings are the maxims of philosophers, and that to speak evil things is to reprehend them, and to point out the fault of others is a commendable zeal. There is not a single back-biter whose life, if thou wilt observe and examine it well, will not be found fraught with vice and insolence—and now that thou knowest this, philosophize as much as thou pleasest."

BERGANZA.

"Thou mayest rest assured, Scipio, that I will censure a little more, for I have made a resolution to that effect. It happened then, that as I was all day idle, and as idleness causes cogitation, I began to recapitulate some Latin phrases which I still remembered out of a great number I had learned when I accompanied my masters to school, as it appeared to me they improved to some extent my understanding. I resolved, if I ever could speak, to make use of them on any opportunities that might offer themselves to me, but in a different way from that which is generally adopted by some ignorant fellows. There are certain Romancers* who, in conversation, fire off from time to time some Latin phrase, brief and comprehensive, making those, who do not understand it, believe that they are great Latin scholars, and they can scarcely decline a noun or conjugate a verb."

SCIPIO.

"I look upon that as a minor nuisance, compared to that of those who really understand Latin, some of whom are so foolish, that when conversing with a shoemaker or a tailor, they spout Latin like water."

* In the original "*Romancista*" which means, one who understands no other language but his native tongue. The word "*Romance*" is applied to the Vernacular language of Spain as derived from the Roman or Latin. From the practice of the "*Romancista*" pretending to knowledge which he did not possess, the word was used to denote a deceiver, and hence perhaps (I venture the conjecture) the word "*romance*" derived its present meaning of fiction.

BERGANZA.

"We may infer from this that he who spouts Latin before those that do not understand it, trangresses as much as the man who quotes Latin without understanding it."

SCIPIO.

"Thou mayest observe another thing, and that is, there are some whose knowledge of Latin does not prevent them from being donkeys."

BERGANZA.

"True, who can doubt that? The reason is plain, for in the time of the Romans, when all spoke Latin as their mother tongue, there must have been some blockhead amongst them, whose knowledge of Latin could not prevent his being a fool."

SCIPIO.

"It requires great discretion, brother Berganza, to speak in Latin and keep silence in the Vernacular."

BERGANZA.

"True, for foolish things may be said in Latin as well as in the Vernacular, and I have known stupid men of letters, ponderous grammarians and Romancers primed* with their shreds of Latin, who can with the greatest ease, vex the world, not once, but repeatedly."

SCIPIO.

"Let us drop the subject, and commence thou thy philosophic remarks."

BERGANZA.

"I have already made them; those are my remarks which I have just given utterance to."

SCIPIO.

"Which?"

BERGANZA.

"Those about the Latin and the Vernacular which I began and thou concludest."

SCIPIO.

"Dost thou give the name of philosophy to this fault-finding? Such is the way; sanctify, sanctify, Berganza, the accursed pestilence of censure, and give it what name thou pleasest, but it will give us the name of cynics, which means grumbling dogs. Now for the life of thee, be silent, and go on with thy story."

BERGANZA.

"How can I go on with it if I remain silent."

SCIPIO.

"I mean, that thou continue it uninterruptedly, without making it appear like a polypus, by adding so many tails to it."

BERGANZA.

"Speak correctly, for the extremities of the polypus are not called tails."

SCIPIO.

"That is the mistake which that man fell into, who said that it was neither turpitude nor vice to call things by their proper names, as if it were not better, since we are compelled to name them, to do so in a periphrastic and round-about way, so as to lesson the disgust which is caused by hearing them called by their right names. Decency in words denotes the purity of those who speak or write them."

BERGANZA.

"I will believe thee. Well, then I must tell thee that fortune, not sa-

* In the original "*varteados con sus listas de Latin*" "variegated with their strips of Latin." A most expressive phrase, derived from a piece of cloth with coloured stripes. The "*Romancista*" is decked out with his strips of Latin as the cloth with its coloured stripes. "*Lista*" also means list or catalogue which adds to the expressiveness of the phrase, as the "*Romancista*" has his regular catalogue of Latin quotations.—is it not so Koap? "Vixére fortes ante Agamemnona multi," but I must not become a "*Romancista*."

A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party coloured dress,
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.

HUDIBRAS, *Part* I. *Canto* I.

tisfied with having taken me from my studies, and the life that I passed during their prosecution, so happy and tranquil, and having placed me leashed behind a door, and exchanged the liberality of the students for the stinginess of the negress, ordained that I should be molested in the life that I had now brought myself to look upon as quiet and easy. Hark thee, Scipio, look upon it as a certain and well established fact, as I do, that misfortunes search out and discover the unfortunate, were he to hide himself in the uttermost corners of the earth. I say so, because the negress of the house was in love with a negro, also a slave in the house, who slept in the porch, which is between the door of the street and the middle door behind which I was located. They could not see each other except at night, and for this purpose they had stolen or forged keys, and so almost every night the negress came down, and stopping my mouth with a piece of meat or cheese, she opened the door to the negro, with whom she spent a pleasant time, secured by my silence, but at the cost of many things which the negress was in the habit of stealing. For some days the donations of the negress corrupted my conscience, as I thought that without them my flanks would have fallen in, and from a mastiff I would have become a grey hound; but in truth, guided by my good disposition, I determined to fulfil the duty I owed to my master, —for I received my perquisites and ate his bread—as not only every honorable dog, that merits the surname of grateful, ought to do, but every dog that is a servant."

"This indeed, Berganza, I will allow to pass as philosophy, for it is reasoning which is founded on truth and good sense. Go on, and don't make a long yarn,* I won't say tail, of thy story."

BERGANZA.

"First, I beg of thee to tell me, if thou knowest it, what is the meaning of philosophy? for although I use it, I don't know what it means, and only imagine it is something good."

SCIPIO.

"I will tell it to thee briefly. This word is composed of two Greek words, which are *philos* and *sofia*—*philos*, meaning love, and *sofia*, science, so that philosophy means a love of science, and philosopher a lover of knowledge."

BERGANZA.

"Thou art very learned, Scipio. Who the devil taught thee Greek words."

SCIPIO.

"Truly, Berganza, thou art a simpleton, since thou makest so much of this trifle. These things are known to every school boy. There are many however who pretend to a knowledge of the Greek language without knowing it, as there are to the Latin who are ignorant of it."

BERGANZA.

"That is what I said before, and I wish such people were put into a press, and by dint of the screw have the juice of their knowledge squeezed out of them, that they might not go about deceiving the world with the tinsel of their tattered Grecian breeches† and their false Latin, as the Portuguese do with the negroes of Guinea."

SCIPIO.

"Now then, Berganza, thou mayest well bite thy tongue, and I may nip mine too, for every word that we are saying is ill-natured censure."

BERGANZA.

"Nay, I am not obliged to do what I have heard tell one called Corondas the Tyrian did, who made a law that no one should enter the townhall of his city with arms on pain of death. He forgot this law, and presented himself among the corporation with his sword girded on. It was pointed out to him, and

* "*Hacer soga,*" literally "to make a string," but the phrase is used when a person is unnecessarily lengthy in telling a story. May we not have derived the phrase "to spin a yarn" from the Spaniard? Cervantes' play upon the tail and the polypus I could explain, but the "*Citizen*" forbids.

† "*Greguescos,*" wide breeches made in the Grecian fashion, commonly used in Spain. A very happy phrase to hold up to ridicule the smatterers in Greek.

remembering the penalty he himself had imposed, he in an instant unsheathed his sword and plunged it into his bosom, thereby being the first to make and break the law and pay the penalty. What I said was not to be a law, but only a promise, that I would bite my tongue when I satirized any one; but now-a-days things are not carried on in the same rigorous manner as in days of yore; for to-day a law is made, and to-morrow it is broken, and perhaps it is as well that it is so. Now we promise to amend our vices, and in a moment afterwards we fall into still greater vices. It is one thing to praise discipline, and another thing to submit to it. And of a verity there is a wide distance between the word and the deed. Let the devil bite himself for I won't, nor will I practice delicacy behind a piece of matting, where I am seen by no one who can praise my honorable intentions."

SCIPIO.

"According to this then, Berganza, if thou wert a human being, would'st thou be a hypocrite, and would all thy works, feigned and false, be covered with the cloak of virtue, solely that thou mightest be praised, as is the practice of all hypocrites?

BERGANZA.

"I do not know what I would do in that case, but I do know what I will do now, and that is, not bite my tongue; for I have so many things yet to tell thee, that I cannot say how and when I will be able to conclude them, particularly as I am afraid, that on the rising of the sun, we shall be deprived of the faculty of speech, and remain in the darkness of ignorance.

SCIPIO.

"Heaven will determine things more favourably. Go on, with thy story, and do not deviate from the path indulging in rambling digressions, and so, however long it may be, thou wilt soon arrive at the end."

BERGANZA.

"I tell thee, then, that having witnessed the insolence, thievery and immodesty of the negroes, I resolved, like a good servant, to put a stop to them in the best way that I could, and I worked so well, that I gained my object. The negress used to come down, as thou hast heard, to recreate herself with the negro, in the full confidence that I was kept silent by the pieces of meat, bread, or cheese, that she threw to me. Gifts accomplish great things, Scipio."

SCIPIO.

"Very great things; swerve not, however, from thy path, but go straightforward."

BERGANZA.

"I remember when I was engaged in my studies hearing the master use a Latin proverb, which they call adage, to the following effect:—"*Habet bovem in Lingua.*"

SCIPIO.

"Oh, how *mal à propos* hast thou lugged in thy Latin! Hast thou so soon forgotten what we said a short time ago, against those who mix up Latin phrases with the Vernacular in their conversation?"

BERGANZA.

"This Latin comes here pat to the purpose, for thou must know that the Athenians used, among others, a coin stamped with the figure of an ox, and when any judge failed to say or do what was right and just, on account of being bribed, they exclaimed, 'This fellow has an ox in his tongue.'"

SCIPIO.

"The application is wanting."

BERGANZA.

"Is it not very clear, since the presents of the negress kept me dumb for many days, so that I neither desired or dared to bark when she came down to see her beloved negro? So I must repeat that gifts accomplish great things."

SCIPIO.

"I have already replied that they do, and were it not for fear of making a long digression, I would prove to thee by a thousand examples how

much can be accomplished by gifts; but, perchance, I may tell thee these things, if heaven grant me time, opportunity, and speech to relate to thee the history of my life."

BERGANZA.

"God grant thee thy desires; but listen to me. At last the wicked presents of the negress made me determine to execute my good intentions, and so, one very dark night, as she was coming down to her accustomed pastime, I assaulted her without barking, in order not to rouse the people of the house, and in an instant I tore her shift to pieces, and bit a piece out of her thigh, a jest that sufficed to make her keep her bed in earnest for eight days, feigning, I know not what illness, to her masters. She got well, and returned another night, and I renewed the fight with the jade, but without biting her I scratched her whole body as if I had been carding a woollen blanket. Our battles were carried on silently, out of which I always came victorious, and the negress in a most miserable plight and still more intensely disgusted. Soon however her anger made itself patent in my hide and my health. She cut off my rations and the bones, and mine gradually began to show themselves in the joints of the backbone. Nevertheless, although they took from me my food they could not take from me the power of barking; but the negress, to finish me at once, brought me a sponge fried in butter. I detected the wicked intention, as I knew that it was worse than eating "*zarazas*"* for whoever eats it, his stomach becomes inflated, and he cannot get rid of it without losing his life. Thinking it then impossible to protect myself against the wiles of such vindictive enemies, I resolved to run away, and disappear from their sight. One day, I happened to be let loose, and without bidding farewell to any one in the house, I bolted into the street, and had scarcely gone a hundred yards, when chance threw into my way the catchpoll of whom I spoke in the beginning of my history, as being the great friend of my master Nicolás el Romo. Scarcely had he cast his eyes on me, when he knew me, and called me by my name. I too recognized him, and on his calling me I approached him with my usual ways and fawnings. He took me by the neck, and said to his brother catchpolls—

"This is a famous watch dog, which belonged to a great friend of mine; let us take him home."

The catchpolls were delighted, and said, if I was a watch dog, I would be of great use to them all. They were going to lay hold of me to carry me off, but my master said it was not necessary to lay hold of me, as I knew and would follow him. I forgot to tell thee that the collar with the steel spikes, which I took with me when I separated from, and left the cattle fold, was taken from me by a gipsy at an inn, and I was then in Seville without one, but the catchpoll gave me a collar, ornamented all over with Moorish brass. Ponder well, Scipio, on the mutable whirligig of fortune. Yesterday I was a student, to-day thou beholdest me a catchpoll."

SCIPIO.

"So goeth the world. But do not now begin to rail at the ups and downs of fortune, for there is no great difference between being the servant of a butcher and the servant of a catchpoll. I cannot tolerate or hear with patience the complaints men make of fortune, who never possessed anything more than the expectation and hope of becoming gentlemen. With what execrations do they curse it? What contemptuous reproaches do they heap upon it! and with no other object than to make their hearers believe that they have fallen from a high, prosperous, and happy condition, to the low and miserable state in which they behold them."

(To be concluded in our next.)

* "*Zarazas*"—a paste made of pounded glass and poison for killing dogs.

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